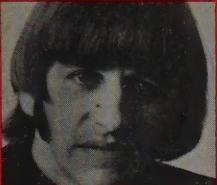


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OCTOBER



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## ALL THE WORDS

### TO HIT SONGS

UNITED

□

I'LL NEVER DO YOU WRONG

□

THE LOOK OF LOVE

□

PAYING THE COST TO  
BE THE BOSS

□

MACARTHUR PARK

□

LICKING STICK

□

AMERICA IS MY HOME

□

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT  
YOU MEAN TO ME

□

YESTER LOVE

□

ANGEL OF THE MORNING

□

INDIAN LAKE

□

NEVER GIVE YOU UP

□

CHOO CHOO TRAIN

□

REACH OUT IN THE  
DARKNESS

□

HERE I AM BABY

□

I GOT YOU BABE

□

JELLY JUNGLE

□

SHE'S A HEARTBREAKER

□

HOW'D WE EVER GET  
THIS WAY

□

WE PLAYED GAMES

□

SKY PILOT

□

I LOVE YOU

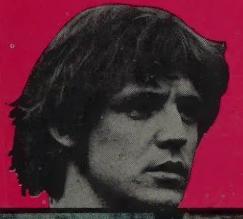
□

MASTER JACK

□

UNWIND

CAN  
CREAM AVOID  
CONFLICTS?

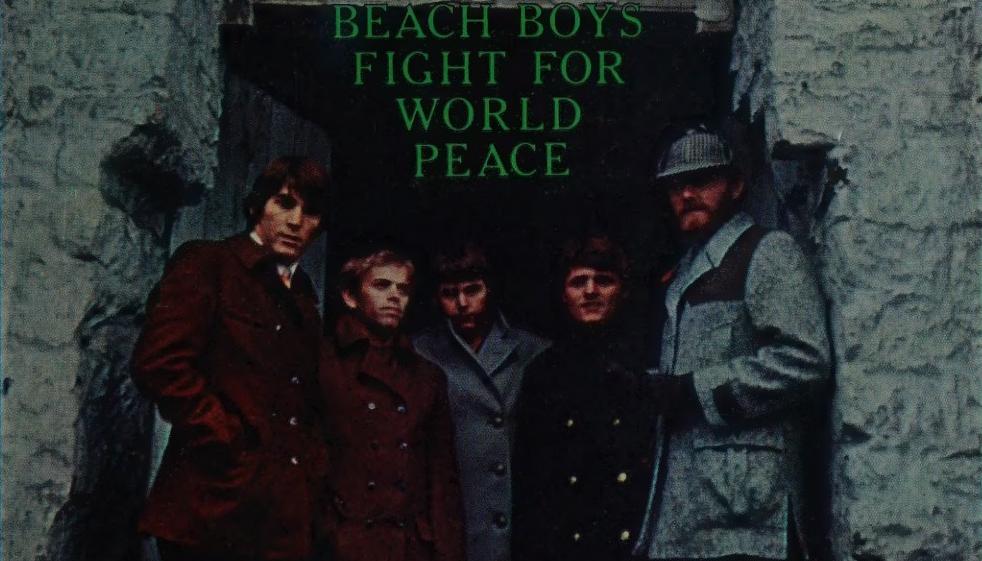


HOLLIES  
TELL THEIR  
FANS TO  
SHUDDUP  
THE  
IMPRESSIONS  
KEEP PUSHING

DONOVAN  
BACKSTAGE



BEACH BOYS  
FIGHT FOR  
WORLD  
PEACE



BLUES FROM CHICAGO

INSIDE THE TURTLES  
TALKIN' TO JEFFERSON AIRPLANE

BEE GEES' JUMBO      SOPWITH

THE SOUL OF LAURA NERO      CAMEL

WES MONTGOMERY

Derek Taylor's Farewell Party

ARS  
NOVA  
CHAMBERS  
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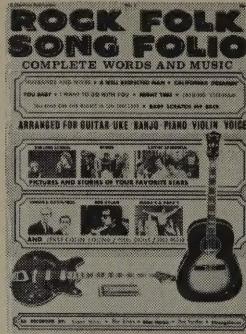
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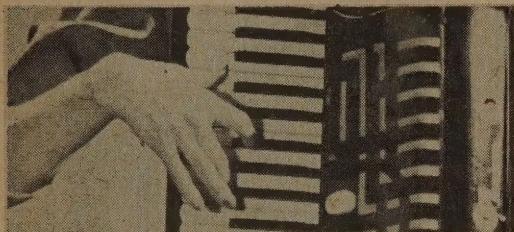
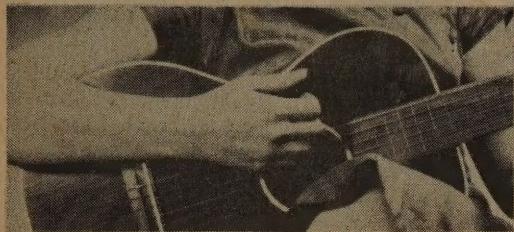
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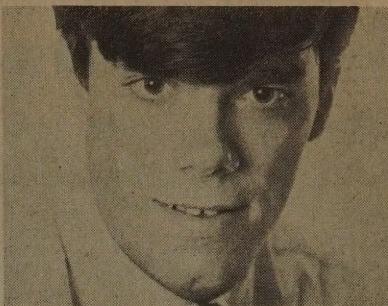
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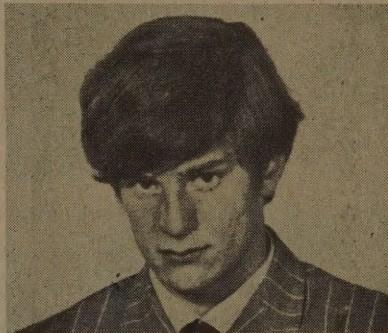
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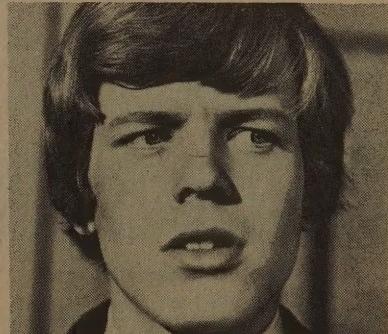
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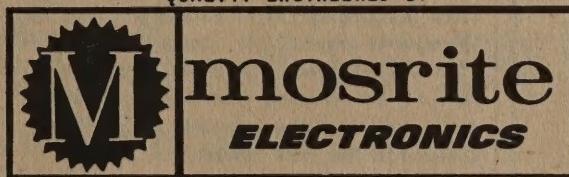
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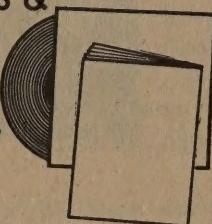
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## the scene



Top 40 radio is in a shambles. This is particularly true in New York where the screaming disc jockey is King and programming is directed solely at the teenybopper. The "big" stations aren't doing a thing to raise the level of rock broadcasting. So, people who are genuinely interested in the new music must turn elsewhere. And, perhaps the best place to turn is to WFOR-FM, (voice of Fordham University) Saturday afternoons from 12-2, to hear the Campus Caravan, hosted by Pete Fornatale.

Why is the Caravan so special? Many reasons. To go into just a few...

Since WFOR is a non-commercial station, Pete needn't be distracted by inane soda pop jingles. Instead, he uses the time between records to discuss rock and rock people. Often, he cites material from magazines - Hit Parader is not an infrequent source. He likes to keep his listeners informed. When new LP's were about to be released, (the Caravan anxiously followed the progress of Smiley Smile and the new Simon and Garfunkel album), where various artists could be seen in the New York area, changes in group personnel, etc.

The music played on the show is a step

above the scads of pimple music heard on other stations. Pete was the first to play "Woman, Woman" - back in October '67. Album cuts are plentiful. A half an hour was spent on each Rascals' "Once Upon A Dream," "Buffalo Springfield Again," "Bee Gees First" and naturally, "Sgt. Pepper." The latter will be the subject of a lengthy in-depth look this June, on the anniversary of its release.

There are weekly features of the show - a Beatles' Corner at 12:30, Fornatale Favorites from the Top 40 at 1:00 and the C. C. Pox Hit which has nothing in common with the sharecropper stations who label Beatle and Supreme records "pick hits" when you know they can't miss. Pete chooses a song he really likes and plays it. An added bit of creativity is Comedy Capers. Each month, the spotlight goes to a different comedian. Recent selections include, Flip Wilson, George Carlin and Bill Cosby.

Interviews are an integral part of the Caravan. Fordham, like most colleges, holds pop concerts from time to time. More often than not, Pete is able to corral the performers for an interview. These informal interviews are the highlight of any Caravan. He's not interested in, "what do you like better - corn flakes or sugar pops?" His questions probe into the performer's thoughts on the music scene, what part do they play in it, where're they going, etc. The most enlightening interview I've ever heard was one Pete (with the help of some others at the station) taped with Simon and Garfunkel. Just fantastic. However, concerts are rather limiting. . . . so, the Caravan must depend on other means - and a lot on luck. Other guests have been Rosko, (a N. Y. disc jockey, on a commercial station, who doesn't scream) Napoleon XIV, and students working at other college radio stations.

Sometime this year, hopefully during the summer, the power of WFOR will be raised from 3500 watts to 50,000. Therefore, the station will encompass a greater area - and garner more listeners for the fabulous, intelligent rock show - the Campus Caravan. □ Lois Fisher



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We invite all readers to send comments, criticism, questions and requests to: WE READ YOUR MAIL, HIT PARADER, CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CONN. 06418.

Dear Editor:

The article in your July issue, "The Rock Revolution-Kind Of A Drag" is certainly one man's opinion of current musical trends. In two pages, Juan Rodriguez attempts to cut down the majority of the last five years' musical development.

His statement that the Monkees' "Pleasant Valley Sunday" is a "far more potent social comment" than the Doors' "The End" is not entirely true. In "Pleasant Valley Sunday", anyone listening can pick up its message the first time, whereas in "The End", the message is deeper, the lyrics more conducive to thought, and thus, the song is more satisfying. No, the social comment isn't more potent, it is merely more easily understood, and there is much more flexibility of interpretation in a song like "The End."

His statement that there is "lack of control, taste and forethought...in all those Procol Harum and Grateful Dead's out there in popland" shows he advocates plastic, relatively simple music, rather than more free, improvised, experimental music, which is almost always more exciting and instrumental in the establishment of new musical trends.

Mr. Rodriguez's most outlandish and generalized statement in the article is his claim that "there are perhaps a dozen or so names that deserve praise" in the entire field of rock and roll. This is an unfair statement, for, although the sounds rock groups are making today may not appeal to him personally, this doesn't mean they are bad and devoid of talent.

In closing, I would like to commend your magazine on the open-mindedness it exhibits in publishing an article such as this one, the ideas of which contradict many of the ideas set down in other articles in your magazine.

Raymond Gross  
19 East Delaware Ave.  
Pennington, N.J.

Dear Editor:

First I would like to point out something to those people who ask issue after issue to remove the articles about the Monkees and the various squares of earth that they have touched. If there were no articles about Micky's helicopter or Davy's ingenious sense for perfection in salads, there would be no interviews with John Mayall, Al Kooper, Mike Bloomfield, Steve Cropper, Pete Townshend, and Eric Clapton, as a matter of fact there would be no Hit Parader. You gotta make a living somehow. And besides if some Engelbert Humperdink or Turtles fan goes out and buys "Child Is Father To The Man" or "Axis: Bold As Love", so much the better, we made another conversion. Not that I have anything against them. It's just that I'm using them to show one extreme.

Next, I would like to discuss the topic of violence and sex (yup, sex) in pop music. These days "the thing" is to destroy or seduce (dirty dirty), whichever you prefer.

Some examples: 1) The Who (destroy instruments and equipment). 2) Hendrix (sets guitar aflame). 3) The Move (destroy TV's, piano, and cars) and perhaps the most revolting example, 4) the Nice, Andrew Oldham's new group (strip and flagellate each other).

Even the better groups such as the Mothers are not free of these musical sins. Nobody mentions Uncle Meat's meals very often.

Now, I respect these groups just as much as the next guy as far as musical ability goes, maybe even more so because I pay more attention to music than stage gimmicks, but why do they have to stoop to the lowest of the low just to attract people. As far as extremes go one could imagine if the Beatles had to dilute their act with sadism just to pack Shea Stadium. Would you remember them better as "the group that made "Strawberry Fields" or the group that stab, kick, or beat

any hysterical girl that makes it up to the stage. An even further extreme would be a group who call themselves the Harkiris and lose more members every month than Paul Revere and the Raiders. Gradually, the stage gimmicks will become more significant than the music itself, and this would be a tragic loss as there are so many original pop sounds around today, including the ones mentioned above. For those of you who saw "Priviledge" that could be a sign of what is to come.

Also, think of the effect on some of the up and coming new groups who have tremendous musical potential, commercial or otherwise (Zappa would be proud of me) and concentrate more on which amplifier to ram the drummers head through rather than the type or quality of their music. Those groups who have absolutely no talent and cover it up with noise and destruction would eventually lose out to the more musically inclined. If people want to release their pent up emotions and destroy things with maniacal glee let them do it on their own time and money. In future let's try for a Music Crusade. Keep up the good work, HP.

Mark Hammer  
4617 Notre Dame Blvd.  
Laval, Que., Canada

PS: I would like to hear from anybody who is interested in the topic.

Dear Editor:

I was very distressed to find "The Rock Revolution - Kind of A Drag" article in your first-rate magazine. I can't understand what Mr. Rodriguez is trying to prove. How anyone could equate the Doors, Airplane, Fish and Cream with such commercial nothings as Fabian and Chubby Checker is beyond me. Mr. Rodriguez makes several references to the "lack of meaning" of both lyrics and music, and to the failure of one to enhance the other. Since when

is it the function of instrumentation to provide lyrics with meaning or vice versa? And since when do lyrics have to have absolute, clearly-stated meanings? As anyone who's ever enjoyed a poem knows, the true artist is able to create moods, express inner feelings, and manage to communicate with a large audience. And since when is "rows of houses that are all the same" an example of "social comment?" Malvina Reynolds summed that situation up quite neatly years ago. As social commentators (as well as musicians), the Monkees and Hermits rate flat zero. What's more, I defy Mr. Rodriguez to name just one organ solo that ever had any meaning other than in a purely musical sense. It is never the function of any lead instrument to speak in a song, except possibly in the deepest forms of genuine blues.

As for lyrics being self-indulgent, what else can they be? Much of the work of the great classic poets is strictly about the poets themselves. Dylan writes very largely (and very often with much banality) of himself, and does not lose an ounce of his genius.

In conclusion, if there is an insufficient number of honestly creative people in the pop field, it is because those who break into the recording field are those who know people or who have enough money to, shall we say, "meet" people. Heaven only knows how much talent is being wasted.

Symington B. Lifschitz  
168-34 127th Avenue  
Jamaica, New York

Dear Editor:

You're forcing me. I have to write this, your magazine is improving so. Though you don't deserve the credit. The public does - the generation that is writing, recording, understanding, and demanding songs better than you can keep up with.

(continued on page 64)



# THE BEACH BOYS

## Fight For "World Peace I"

We had a lovely time admiring the plastic palm trees and listening to the clockwork birds. Then there were the home-made, dunky doughnut stands situated discerningly alongside the appeal for Oxfam booth and as a special treat we all went to see "Mista Bright" and his super polish demonstration for silverware.

We were of course at the Ideal Home Exhibition and "he" was Beach Boy Mike Love, who insisted I accompany him on this expedition (for which I do not forgive him) to Olympia to see if the hall were large enough for "World Peace I."

"World Peace I is the first in a series of world wide concerts that we are planning for this year," Mike informed me in the taxi on the way to the hall. "We are hoping to open in London and then go on to play most of the major European and Continental countries like Paris and Copenhagen.

"We are hoping to involve as many creative people in all forms of art and entertainment as possible from Picasso to Heffners bunny girls.

"Some of the most famous names in the pop world have guaranteed their assistance. The movement is aligned to the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's drive for 'Permanent World Peace' and the proceeds of the concerts will remain in the countries we play to promote that end.

"In this way we hope to go onto phase two which, will be "World Peace II" playing venues as far apart as Moscow and Bangkok."

And just before you run away with the idea that Mike is talking a lot of "Bangkok," remember where he has just come from at the Maharishi's meditation centre and who he was with. "World Peace I" may well turn out to be the rallying point of all those sincere and concerned people among our top pop people and that could make it the most important event of the pop music history.

Mike mingled with the shoppers and the watchers and stoppers in the huge Olympic Hall and was adamant that this could be the place if they could book it in time. Back at his London hotel he sat cross-legged upon his chair and waving his hands to emphasize his points elaborated on the projects possibility.

"I know a lot of people are beginning to think that we are taking too long to get things together. It may take time and maybe we'll be too old to sing by the time it gets together but we're going to try.

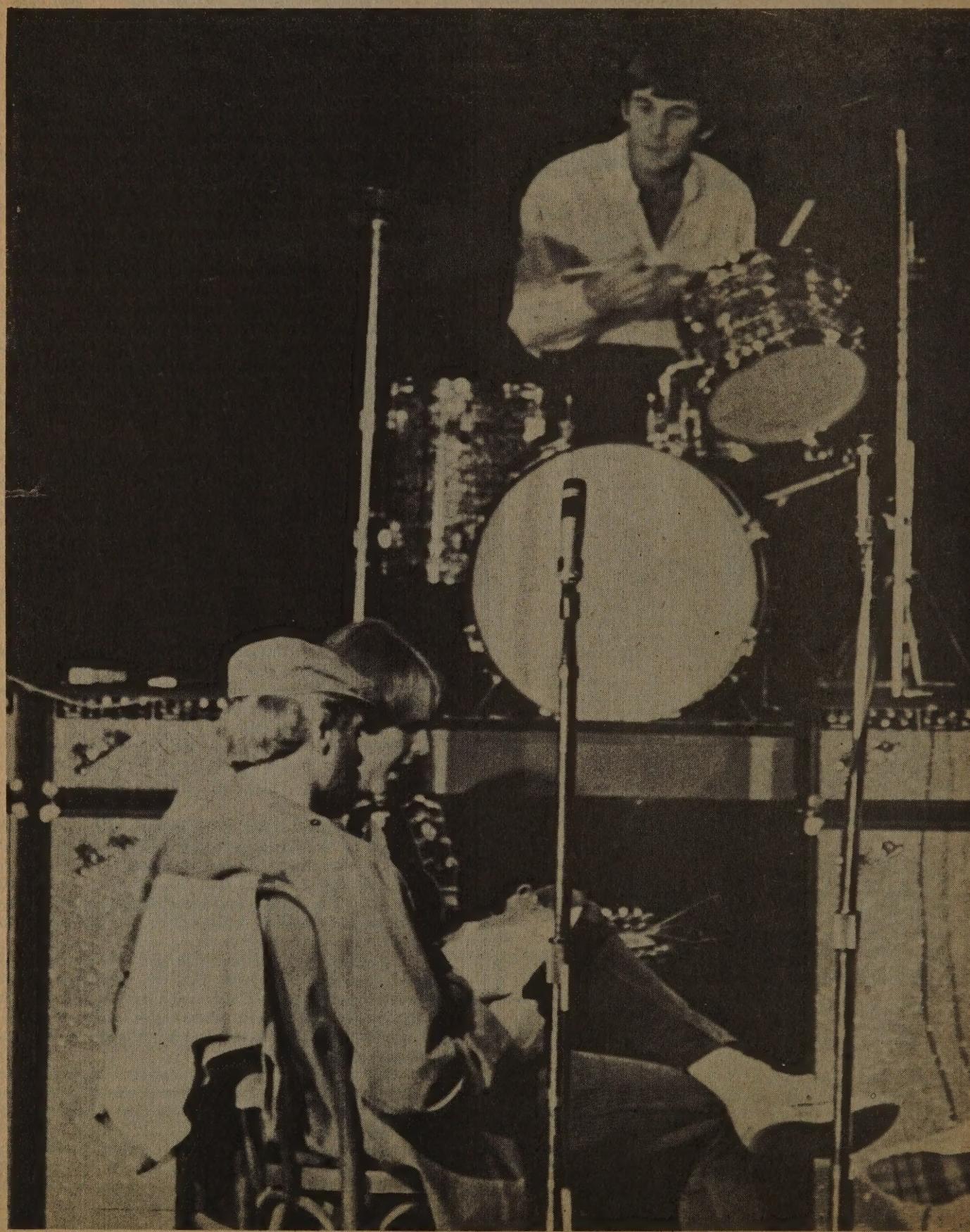
"The world is ready for some form of spiritual reawakening. This is not going to be another pop concert, it is going to feature artists like ourselves doing the things that they do best. What do you do otherwise - you can't go on doing a Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich rave for ever. People

are ready for something new.

"This concert will feature classical music, jazz, and pop and 'skoopic-doo.' It will be a non-political festival of arts. The message of peace is for everyone. Did you know that the Maharishi met the UN secretary general U Thant in America and Thant said that the Maharishi made more

sense in 15 minutes than he had heard in thirty years."

"Of course I saw poverty. What kind of a question is that? We motored over several hundred miles to the centre and through some of the poorest villages. The reason the Maharishi retains the money for his Foundation is that he believes



he can do the most good by altering the way men look at life.

"There is enough food for all if we would get our perspectives right and distribute our excess where it is most needed. The Maharishi is trying to show us things as they are and not how we want to think they are - only by change

of mind will we change our world."

Mike ordered in some food for us all and began to fork at his vegetarian salad and drink some red wine. He gazed out across the traffic below to the park and began relaxing and indulging in his favorite sport - teasing the English, namely me.

"Look at those double decker buses," he said. "The English are so mean they won't build long ones they have to stack two little ones one on top of the other. The English are so slow to catch on - by the time they look around and think about it - it's tomorrow."

I mentioned that I had been talking recently to Bruce on the Transatlantic phone and he had played me a Beatles' waltz. I couldn't remember the name of the song at that moment so I whistled it.

There is no doubt that Mike has returned from his month in India fired with earnest conviction and there is little doubt that others now feel the same way.

Mike told me that he had composed a number of new songs out there - some about Paul and Jane and others about "uncle" John Lennon. He read me one piece of poetry concerning John meditating in the sun on a roof top while birds and monkeys chattered in trees below.

"Have you seen this?" asked Mike proudly and produced a little silver necklace from his shirt on the end of which was a small piece of transparent celluloid. Inside was a photograph of the Maharishi, on the other side was a miniature portrait of the Maharishi's own guru. "That was a present from John," said Mike.

I deliberately provoked him with a question to which I knew the answer and got a deserved mental jab. Why did the Maharishi not give some of his wealth away to the poverty stricken people of India instead of keeping it for his Foundation? Did Mike see no poverty in India?

"He's still playing that!" smiled Mike. "And you don't know what it's called, you dummy. 'A Little Help From My Friends' is what it's called. What business are you in - show business?"

Mike had apparently tried to call Bruce that morning at about 11 am. It was about 3 am in Los Angeles. The operator told him that the phone had been lifted off the hook in Los Angeles but there was a funny noise.

"How do you mean?" said Mike.

"Well," said the operator, "It sounded like someone picked up the phone and threw it into the air."

Bruce is not appreciative of early morning calls.

I tossed Mike over a copy of "Life" magazine which contained a picture of Marlon Brando dressed like the Maharishi and wearing a long flowing wig for a film in which he is satirizing a guru.

Mike shook his head. "Wait till I see that guy again. You know we gave him a lift to the Hilton from the airport in our car on our last trip. He was a nice guy but I'll have to talk to him about this. They only make fun of something that they don't know about."

In May, the Beach Boys begin a tour of U.S. colleges with the Maharishi. Whoever christened Mike "Love" knew what they were doing. □ keith altham



**B**

With a host of golden daffodils and purple iris scattered on the stage before him, Don snapped the musical chains of the folk singer once more. He dabbled in jazz with the assistance of brilliant musicians like Harold McNair, who warbles like some inspired song-thrush on a flute behind the simpler ballads like "The Lullaby of Spring," and then switches to tenor sax to provide a kaleidoscope of notes to the ode "To Hampstead Heath."

The mini big band got right behind the feeling of "Skip-a-long Sam" and "Mad Mad John" to provide a touch of swing while "First There Is A Mountain" brought the calypso touch, with bongos and tom toms. Pianist-conductor John Cameron arranged some beautiful classically-inspired passages for the string section, who, dressed in immaculate evening suits and bow ties, looked just a little bemused by the frills, flowers, and "bandido" moustaches of their fellows.

Donovan brought all back to earth with voice and a lone guitar on "Epistle To Derroll" and a new song he wrote in India, "The Boy Who Fell In Love With A Swan."

Early in the second half of the concert Georgie Fame played organ for jazz singer John Hendricks. Both made surprise appearances and delighted the audience with two rhythm-and-blues numbers.

The first half of the concert consisted of two up-and-coming groups - The Flame, who sang sweet, undiluted contemporary folk music; and the Tyrannosaurus Rex, who made some bold excursions into the realms of Indian music and were notable for some good guitar work from Marc Bolan.

But this was Donovan's show and each of his top pops were greeted enthusiastically by this capacity crowd from "Saffron" and "Jennifer Juniper" through to the final big band arrangement of "Mellow Yellow." Seldom have I heard a huge audience so attentive and silent as they listened to the work of one man - how one person was not arrested for blowing his nose during "The Tinker And The Crab" and disturbing the "peace," I shall never understand.

Those who came to hear cared and went backstage including Hollie Graham Nash, recently returned from a highly successful tour of America. He had a present for Don in the shape of a book titled simply "Graphic Work" by M.C. Escher which contained some incredible surrealistic sketches.

# DONOVAN BACKSTAGE



Mia Farrow sat shyly in one corner of the dressing room and looked so young that she might have been fourteen, with her "urchin-cut" no make-up and an Indian shawl (a souvenir from the Meditation Centre on the Ganges) about her shoulders.

John Hendricks bounced through the door with a Scotch in his hand and a huge grin on his face. He began to change into his stage suit commenting: "Man, if I saw someone who looked like me - I'd laugh!"

Georgie Fame arrived and ran up behind Donovan's manager Ashley Kozak to do an impression of playing a double bass. Ashley turned to discover the joker was the prodigal organist returned from his U.S. tour and affectionately embraced him.

And, of course, Donovan was there, relaxed in a cool white suit, holding a large red-and-yellow guitar which bristled with spiky ends of new strings and had a cigarette impaled on one.

"I'll sing you a song that Paul McCartney wrote while we were out in India," he volunteered and began a pretty tune about "Army boots, parachutes and sleeping bags for two."

"Lennon and McCartney got so together out there they must have written at least 27 new songs," Don reported.

Was he nervous about going on stage before the huge audience?

"A little," he admitted. "There is not enough darkness out there for me. I always begin with the quietest, most relaxing song I know to put me in the right frame of mind." In this case that proved to be "The Isle Of Islay," which is on his new album, "A Gift From A Flower To A Garden."

How much did it cost Don to stage one of these concerts with all his extra musicians?

Ashley jumped in: "The musicians, the flowers and all the extra equipment costs us approximately \$1,000 to provide, but it's worth spending this to provide the audience with the best. They give it back to us by their support, like tonight's full house. The expensive packaging on the album was a gamble but we have already sold over half a million in America alone."

"We are building for a future and you have to put a lot into it to get a lot out. We all have faith in Don's judgement."

With so many people thinking alike in the pop business at present (Graham Nash, Eric Burdon, Georgie Fame, Paul McCartney, etc.) would it not be possible for one huge project?

"Perfectly true," said Don. "In fact, it surprises me just how many of us are going in the same direction. I think many of us are looking for a stage presentation which will eventually go back to the concept of 'the strolling players,' those troupes who entertained with songs, sketches and comedy. I'm sure we will converge some time in the future."



Does Donovan mind being called a "pop" singer.

"No, it is such a general term that it pleases me. It means someone who sings popular music and that's what I want to do. I don't think our generation wants its music put into little boxes labelled 'classical,' 'folk,' or 'jazz.' We are absorbing all the best elements from these fields and the Eastern music, thus coming up with something that is new and our own."

"George Harrison has written this kind of music for a new film

which has an Arabian influence, but it's not Arab music. It is what he has learned from their music and is mixed with his own understanding. You can call it 'pop music' if you like."

Is Donovan's next single to be "Hurdy Gurdy Man?"

"I think so," Don replied. "It's a nice happy song. It's the story of the world. Whenever there are bad times and we face some terrible crisis, someone like the 'Hurdy Gurdy Man' comes along to make people forget their troubles and be happy. It might

be me, the Beatles or the Mahatma. We believe we are heading for a golden age."

Recently I heard someone criticize a female journalist for her constant allusions to Donovan's "beautiful world." It seems to me a pity that there are still some people who believe that because there is hate, pain and ugliness in the world, we should not give more emphasis to "love, pleasure and beauty."

That is Donovan's message. I'll buy it! Will you? □ keith altham



# JACK & GINGER

*Make*

# THE CREAM

*Work*

Ginger: I was born August 19, 1939. I was schooled in Southeast London. I got involved with music as soon as I left school. I've been a professional musician for 13 years. When I was 14, I played trumpet but had to stop because my teeth weren't shaped right. I put down the trumpet and started to play



drums. My first professional job as a drummer was with a trad band, that's what we call Dixieland. I've played all kinds of music but I'm not into the blues as much as Eric. I was more interested in people like Bessie Smith and gospel singers in the blues idiom. I worked with Rosetta Tharpe in 1958. When I met Eric, I became more interested in the other side of blues.

Jack and I both played in the Graham Bond Organization. It was an organ group with jazz and blues influences. Jack and I met Eric and we had a chat then we played and we said this is fine. We don't need any more musicians.

Jack: I was born on May 14, 1943 in Glasgow. Before I played an instrument, I did a lot of singing, mostly Scottish folk songs. After I left school, I went to an Academy of Music to study the classics but I got thrown out because

they didn't like what I was doing. Ginger and I can both read and write music. I learned how to play upright string bass and then I traveled around Europe. When I came back to London, I met Ginger and a few other musicians. Then I joined Graham Bond and then Manfred Mann and then John Mayall and back to Manfred Mann and then the Cream.

HP: After the string bass, did you go right to 6-string electric bass?

Jack: I only played that for a couple of years and I didn't bother with it much any more. I have a 4-string electric now. I used the 6-string when I was with Graham Bond. That's when I first got it.

HP: When you were with Graham Bond together, did you feel musically as free as you are with Cream?

Jack: No. We had to play in a more strict way. Now it's our own musical discipline in our own heads. I felt con-

stricted with Bond because I was just playing bass. I wanted to sing, for instance.

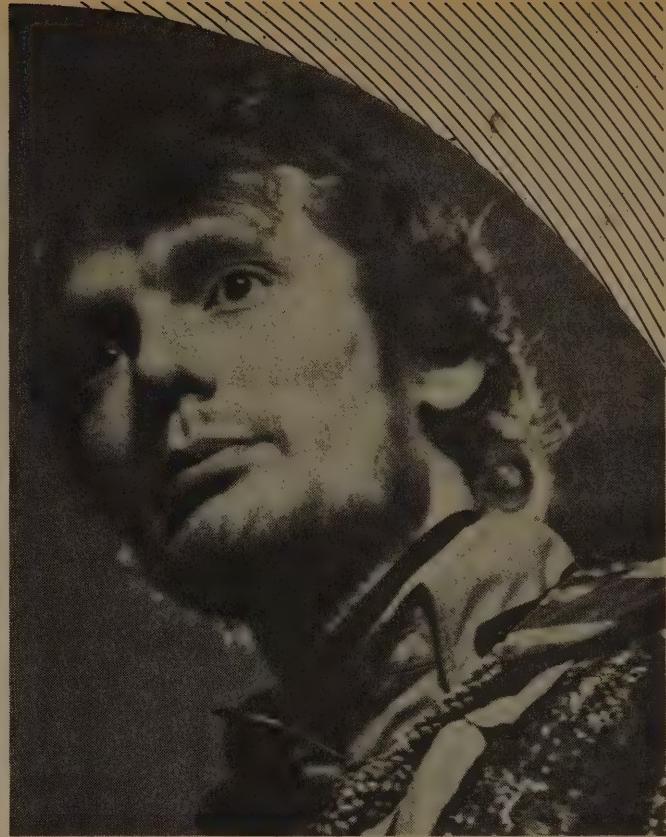
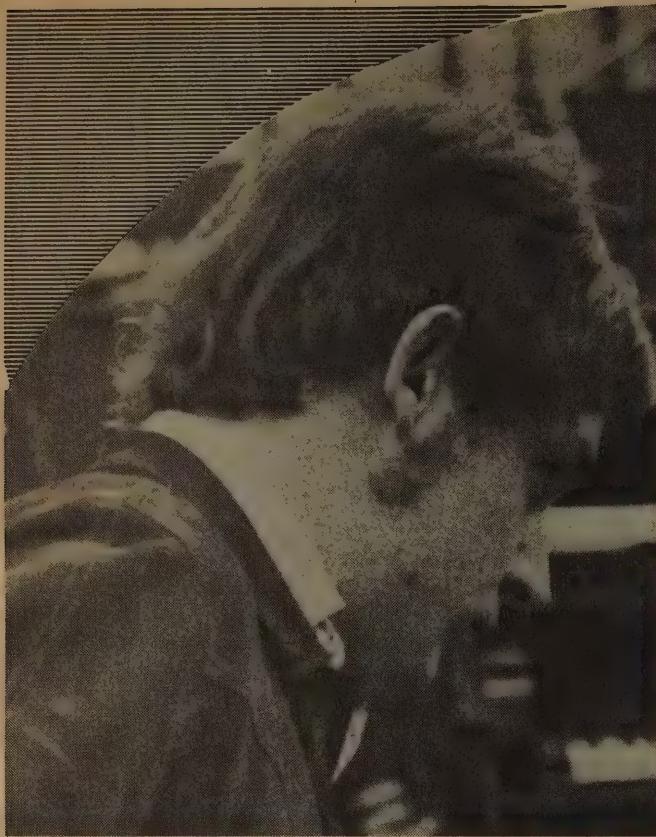
Ginger: In a sense I felt constricted too.

Jack: At the time we didn't feel constricted because Bond was way ahead of what was happening. We learned an awful lot. We couldn't have had the Cream at that time. People weren't ready for it then. Ginger, myself and Eric weren't really ready for it. When our minds had all reached a certain point at the same time, then it was time for the Cream.

HP: Was there more communication between you and Ginger rather than the other members of Graham Bond's group?

Ginger: Actually we didn't get on very well.

Jack: I left the group because of a big hassle with Ginger. Through that we later grew very close. There was a



lot of violence between me and Ginger. I suppose we felt frustrated over the music and took it out on each other. There were lots of personal things too.

**HP:** So the next time you came together you formed Cream?

**Jack:** Right, we didn't have any contact at all before that. Ginger came to see me one night and even though I was knocked out by the idea of the Cream, I told Ginger I didn't want to work with him. But I couldn't get any other work. So, I went with Cream.

**HP:** Had you heard each other play in the different bands during the bustup?

**Ginger:** We had been working together for six years before the bustup came. Jack: It took a long time for that to happen. We didn't even listen to each other play after the bustup. Ginger might have seen me with Manfred Mann on TV. **Ginger:** Yeah I saw him once flapping his wings.

**Jack:** Mann was sort of a sloppy commercial group. We had to do "Pretty Flamingo."

**Ginger:** I can't recall ever seeing Jack other than that.

**Jack:** Actually when we're not working, we usually just go home and enjoy the peace and quiet.

**HP:** How did the two of you finally get back on good terms?

**Jack:** We didn't have any trouble because we were all working to make

the Cream a good band. In the beginning we had a couple of personality conflicts.

**Ginger:** One day we did some drinking together.

**Jack:** Yeah, that, too, but we both matured with this group. We don't have any trouble now.

**HP:** Can you recall any early conversations that lead to the formation of the Cream?

**Jack:** It wasn't like that. We didn't sit down and work it out. Ginger just came around to me and said he and Eric were in agreement to form a group. Eric and Ginger had both agreed they wanted me in the group. One day we went to Ginger's pad and set up all our gear and started to play. We saw immediately that it would work. We talked about whether we should hire more people and finally decided on just the three of us.

**Ginger:** Essentially we play very freely so the trio gives us a chance to spread out.

**HP:** Did you play free right from the beginning?

**Jack:** Oh yes, especially on stage. Our records are slightly different. We're experienced on stage but not as experienced in the recording studio. We're working on the third album now and the freedom is beginning to work out now.

**HP:** You functioned as a rhythm duo

with Graham Bond. Did you have to change much to function as the Cream?

**Jack:** We've never had any problem in that way. With the addition of Eric, it's merely a three-way thing. It's different for this group. We don't play instruments the way they are normally played. For instance, I don't play the same bass lines all the time. I even play chords sometimes and I take solos. Ginger does too. He plays tunes on the drums. Eric is much more than a lead guitarist. We're not just a lead guitarist with a rhythm section. Each of us are free yet equal.

**Ginger:** When the three of us first sat down to play, we just took off. We played one number for an hour then we went out and played football. We get on very well musically and socially.

**HP:** Can you describe your progression in the recording studio?

**Jack:** On our first album, we were groping in the dark from the production side. Now we have a marvelous feeling for it. Everybody concerned is very much into it. Felix Pappalardi and Tom Dowd at Atlantic helped tremendously to get things together. We're still hoping for a double record set for our third album. We've made plans to record a live album at the Fillmore in San Francisco. If it goes well it will be a double album.

**HP:** What are some of the other songs you're working on?

**Jack:** We cut some things with horns

(continued on page 53)

# BORN IN CHICAGO



Little Walter

And now it's time for our Rock & Roll Time Machine to venture into the House of the Blues. A house built seventy years ago by black men on an infinitely ancient foundation...furnished with all the joys and sorrows of those oppressed but infinitely resourceful people. Now that the black men have built a new house somewhere on the Motown-Memphis road, the young white

men have moved in to help keep the old house together. And in some, if not all, of her rooms, they do their thing, and are rewarded.

The blues, a broad but viable description of a certain mass of forms and styles in Negro music, arose from the greater mass of that music around the turn of the century. With numerous geographical and chronological

variations, it dominated the black man's musical tastes (and now and then titillated the white man's) for forty years, up to World War II. After the war, the young blacks who buy the majority of R&B records came to prefer new forms of music—the beginning of rock, no less. By the 1950's blues was a minority interest, its audience consisting more and more of the

older members of the black community. However there was enough life left in the old music to foster the creation of two entirely new styles of blues. Between them they've inspired 95% of today's white blues, and a lot of other pop music too. One of these styles still commands a big Negro audience in addition to the throngs that pack the Fillmore to hear the Kings B.B.



Freddy King

and Albert, Bobby Bland and Junior Parker are mainstays of the ghetto's music; Charles Keil's fine book *Urban Blues* will give you the lowdown.

Today we check out that other style, blues born in Chicago of Mississippian parentage, and sung by people with colorful names like Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf. But that music was and is more than colorful. It was white-hot, and from its radiations came the first Butterfield album, Canned Heat and a whole crew of other up-to-date sounds.

The Chicago postwar blues is the product of relatively few musicians. On the Chicago scene itself there have never been more than a half-dozen real "names" at a time, not even in the 1950's. These men and their sidemen are a closely-knit group. And there is one man who holds an uncontested place at the very center. The evolution of his band set the pace for the whole scene, and several of his sidemen have become famous artists in their

own right. We speak of McKinley Morganfield, better known as Muddy Waters.

Like many of the Chicago bluesmen, Muddy came to Chi in the mid-1940's from the Delta country of northwest Mississippi. It was in the Delta that he learned to play and sing blues, in that flat cotton country where the blues had, in the 1920's and 1930's, reached a peak of intensity and strength unequalled anywhere else. In Clarksdale, the center of the Delta blues scene, Muddy came under

the spell of Son House, whom he regards as having been the best bluesman in the Delta. (House's recordings, available on Origin, Verve-Forecast and Columbia, do much to corroborate Muddy's opinion). Robert Johnson, who was murdered in 1938 leaving behind records that many people consider the greatest blues ever, bar none (hear them on Columbia CL-1654) was also a great influence on Muddy. From these two men

and countless others long forgotten, he picked up the Delta "bottleneck" guitar style, in which a bottleneck (or any hollow cylindrical object) is worn on one finger of the left hand and used for some of the fretting. This makes a very distinctive whining sound, and enables the player to slide from one note to another. (Now the style is usually called "slide guitar," and it's used by Al Wilson and many other young guitarists as well as by the old-timers. You've heard it on the Stones' "Little Red Rooster").

In 1914, the Library of Congress sent a team into Mississippi to record the Delta's music. Using primitive but serviceable equipment, they recorded field hollers, children's games, church music, and blues. Young Muddy Waters was one of many singers who came before the Library's microphone. The recordings he made then, and on a return trip in 1942, are now on LP (Testament T-2210, "Down on Sto-

vall's Plantation"). These recordings form one of the most remarkable documentaries in the whole history of music, as Muddy's early acoustic style is heard in brilliant perfection. It's traditional blues, very much in the House-Johnson pattern, but even then Muddy was doing his own thing. Note especially the dramatic, showy way he uses the bottleneck, for rich vibrato on single notes as well as for slides between notes. The rattling sound you hear is the bottleneck striking the side of the guitar fingerboard.

Since the turn of the century, there has been a steady stream of Delta Negroes migrating to Chicago, where a young black man had at least a fighting chance to make a decent living, a chance non-existent in the Delta. After the war the stream became a torrent, and Muddy Waters was swept along. There was already a steady demand in Chicago for Mississippi-style blues (they called it "down-home



Muddy Waters

music"). When Muddy arrived he fairly took over the scene.

A perpetual problem for bluesmen over the years has been the need to get up enough sound to be heard in the incredibly noisy places where they play. Before the war many of them would use a National or Dobro guitar. These guitars have non-electric amplifiers built into them, working on the same principle as the old-time wind-up victrola. In the 1940's, however, the electric guitar amplifier (first heard on hillbilly records in 1934) became universal. Muddy Waters, playing his old blues through an amp, found that he could still further increase the effectiveness of his slide sound, and enable people to hear many of the subtleties that were previously lost in a noisy room. (Perhaps in the process they ceased to be subtleties, but then that was what was happening.)

In 1948, Muddy began recording for a small but aggressive Chicago record company,

owned by the Chess brothers, who were white but had a special knack for producing and selling records for the Negro audience. (The earliest records came out on the Aristocrat label; in 1949 the family name of Chess was adopted as the logo, with Checker being added in 1952.) Muddy has been with Chess ever since, and the scores of sides he's made over the years are the very essence of the postwar Chicago blues.

Many of Muddy's original records are reissued on LP, and in the next few paragraphs we will refer frequently to Chess LP-1427 ("The Best of Muddy Waters") and LP-1501 ("The Real Folk Blues".)

At first Muddy recorded with just his electric guitar, sometimes with an acoustic bass for backup. Two of his first sides were "I Can't Be Satisfied" (on LP-1427) and "I Feel Like Going Home," which were two of the tunes cut for the Library of Congress in 1941. The words are changed a bit to express a very

frequent theme for the transplanted Mississippi bluesman: homesickness. Several other fine blues, including Robert Johnson's "Walking Blues" and two others heard with it on LP-1501, were recorded in this simple setting, as was "Rollin' Stone" (LP-1427). On the cuts with bass, Muddy no longer has to keep rhythm, and is able to use the slide even more freely than before; here we have the beginning of bottleneck lead guitar, electric style.

But most of the blues that was happening around 1950 was with bands. Muddy made some quite early with a guitar-bass-piano combination ("Gypsy Woman," LP-1501). But he sounded much better in the company of a younger man from Louisiana, who played amplified harmonica. The late Little Walter, only 19 when he began recording with Muddy, was the greatest instrumentalist the Chicago scene ever produced. From 1950 to 1960 he was on almost

all of Muddy's records, as well as being a highly successful recording artist himself.

Little Walter's music was more original than Muddy's; in fact there was no harp player before him, that we know of, that sounded even remotely like him. He singlehandedly founded the whole style of modern harp playing. The music of James Cotton, Shakey Horton, Junior Wells, Paul Butterfield, Al Wilson and virtually all other modern harp players is deeply rooted in Little Walter.

Walter held his harp against a mike, and with both harp and mike cupped in his hands, he produced a distorted tone very different from, but in many ways better than, normal harp tone. This innovation would have been enough to ensure his reputation, but in addition he displayed unprecedented imagination with lines and rhythms. Whereas Muddy's guitar playing consisted mostly of more or

(continued on page 56)

"I walked to Apollo and the Bay  
and everywhere I go  
Eli's a-comin..."  
LAURA NYRO

She aches just like a woman, breaks just like a little girl and I've seen her music make a grown man cry. Her name is Laura Nyro, she was 20 last October and last month she rented a penthouse in New York. Sometimes she is silly and giggles like a teenager and other times she is a grand lady and struts about in a black lace dress, high buttoned leathered boots, head held high, long black hair flying. Sometimes she is a witch and her eyes grow very deep as she mutters something absurdly profound. Laura Nyro is a composite of extreme contradictions and the only thing I'm really sure about is that her real emergence is at hand.

ELI AND THE THIRTEENTH CONFESSION is the title of her second album...actually its the title of the enclosed lyric sheet. The packaging is constructed so that when the lyric sheet is removed the album has no title or liner. Just a Madonna-like photograph of a woman's face and what will probably be the most controversial liner photo on the back. The back photo is Laura kissing herself on the forehead in silhouette. . .She told me it was kissing 17 years of her life--her childhood--good-bye. Its also the ego's protection of the id's introspection. Its strange, beautiful and a little perverse. Its only a suggestion of what's inside. And before you even get to the record itself, another surprise: a perfumed album sleeve. Eli and the 13th Confession is a honeyed trap.

The album contains the story of a girlchild trip into the joys and desparation of womanhood, being loved, being unloved, being drunk, being stoned, giving joy, getting hurt, making decisions, asserting herself. There are songs of mindless joy and blues that will tear your heart out.

There is no way of committing to the printed page the combination of a caress and a holler that is her voice. Her range is phenomenal and the sound has the strength of a storm even at its most gentle. The arrangements are lush, they surround and support the profile of her songs which are assymetrical and have extreme time changes within a few bars, there are complete changes of environment within a tightly constructed theme. She is rhapsodic:

Emily  
You're the natural snow  
the unstudied sea  
you're a cameo  
and I swear you were born a  
weaver's lover  
born for the loom's desire\*

She is fanciful:

# LAURA NYRO

## Eli & The 13th Confession

Farmer Joe

(I'm the meanest woman you know  
she said Farmer Joe

I'm the meanest ole woman you know  
I let you slide about an hour ago

She is desperate:

No one knows the blues like lonely  
women

blues that make the walls rush in  
words that tell you where you've  
been

and you've been to the hollow/  
lonely women

poetic

Silver was the color  
winter was a snowbell  
mother of the windboys  
livin' off the lovewell

and at times a little strange:

Well there's an avenue of Devil  
that believe in stone  
you can meet the Captain  
at the dead end zone\*

You could call Laura Soul. She has a heavy, polished R&B influence and a tendency toward almost brutal imagery. But remember that Soul doesn't simply mean derivative of American Negro music. Soul is also the living entity above and beyond a body or voice, a spirit, a subtlety that touches and moves you to another dimension. Laura is all of that, in her presence and her music.

"My first album was on Verve Folkways (now Verve Forecast) and my people were wrong, all wrong," she recalls. "Columbia gave me everything I wanted and all the artistic freedom I need. There's a real difference."

Even with the right people, though, Laura apparently drove them wild. Making a record with her has been likened to a brief and stormy marriage. Someone on one of her sessions told me "You either love her or hate her,

most times both at once. She's brilliant, stubborn and strong willed. She never feels that something is finished. She keeps changing, perfecting, defining. We've got a brilliant album here, we all know it. But we almost died trying, Laura included."

Her agent once told me: "She's a child and a woman. As much as I love her, I hate her sometimes and as much as I dig her music it blows my mind. As much as I know where she's at, I don't know where she's at...she's strong, but she's absolutely helpless."

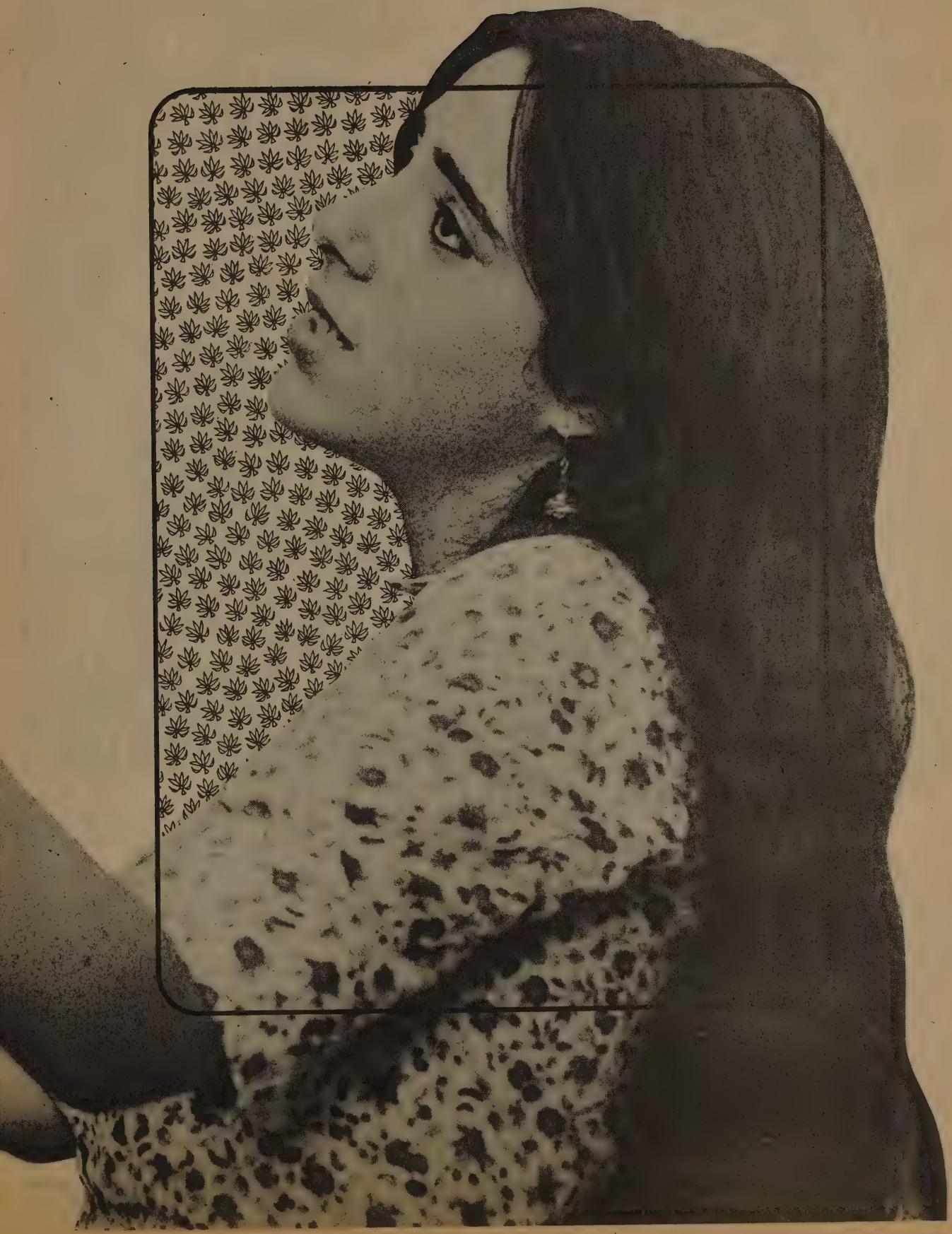
Laura just laughs softly. "I don't want my music destroyed again, like on the first album. I have a lot of ideas and there are so many ways to express them...I do need a lot of help and direction but I don't want anyone telling me what to do...yet I need someone I can count on." And on and on. She's impossible to get a fix on yet you know exactly what she means. You can feel her indecisiveness but you somehow know she'll get what she wants even if she doesn't know exactly what that is.

Many of her songs are about men, bad men, miscast lovers, charmers and timers. Some are about women, young and growing and old and lonely. There are good times, bad times and raunchy ditties. All of the songs are about Laura Nyro.

please don't tell my mother  
I'm a saloon and a moonshine lover\*

"When this album is finished," Laura told a friend while Eli and the 13th Confession was in progress, "my mother is going to know exactly where I've been."

I wonder if she laughed or cried when, she said that. □ ellen sander  
(\*all lyrics copyright Tuna Fish Music, used by permission)



# THE TURTLES

## Learning About Themselves



HOWARD KAYLAN

"**Y**ou need objectivity to succeed in this business. I think our success so far has been based on our music. The fact that people dig the sound and recognize it as ours. We have never had a great deal of promotion or publicity--people don't generally recognize us as individuals. But things are really moving for us now. We've taken the responsibility for ourselves and now we can control our future. We're going to get into film making and producing and really get it on..."

"Pop music is becoming a magnet for all the other arts. It's a powerful medium because it is reaching a saturation point. The public is constantly exposed to contemporary music and they are forced into making value judge-

ments, good or bad. Because of this, artists and writers and creative people in general are being drawn into the syndrome. Now it becomes a matter of selection and taste. There's so much material and ideas and conceptions that you have to be really discriminating. Discrimination is simply a matter of recognizing quality."

"I think we're accomplishing something that no other group is doing--we're really trying to reach our audiences and we do it each time we perform. We touch them personally and show them a good time. They respond openly and uninhibitedly--it's gratifying."

"We're not freaks because that's a gimmick - it's not real. We express ourselves as we are, both individually and as a group through our music. Our music is positive and happy so I guess

that's where we're at--it's a good place to be.

JIM PONS

"I'm really happy doing what I'm doing. In a sense, I'm fulfilling a lifetime dream working in a group like The Turtles. Not that many people make it--I consider myself lucky. No, not lucky, but happy. I'm dedicating myself to something totally. I have a direction and I know where that direction is taking me. So I don't feel a lot of anxiety and I only get uptight when that direction is threatened. But I know that if we work hard at being creative, there's no threat."

"I was at college for three years and had no idea what I was doing there. There was no pressure but I was miser-

able not knowing what I wanted to do. Then I left school and formed my own group. It fell apart because there was no continuity and discipline. I went through a thousand problems, conflicts, intolerances. But I learned a lot and by the time I joined The Turtles, I was pretty well pulled together. It was a relief not to have the responsibility for the other members of the group. Mark and Johnny have natural drive and discipline, so I function more as a check and balance."

"Someday I want to retire and get fat and bald and just smoke and read."

"I'm coming to some powerful realizations about myself through scientology. It's a type of metaphysics for realization, for self-discovery. It's somewhat related to transcendental meditation except that you study certain natural phenomenon that explain universal truths. So you work from the outside to explain your inner function. I am learning to develop my memory to the point where I can recall problems in former lives--so I can work out problems in this one. It's sort of a backstepping process, step by step. But I'm not totally convinced of reincarnation. I'm beginning to think that it's a matter of faith, of believing and knowing some things that are not concrete--of committing myself . . ."

"I need more time to be alone, to think and relax and realize the importance and consequences of my own life."

#### JOHN BARBATA

"In the overall picture, the Turtles, aren't any different from other groups that are playing happening music. Any group has a life span and you have to make material gains through that time. Then when things slow down, you can move into other things. But when it's happening big, you don't have time to relax. When you relax, you're dead because actually you're moving backward. So when the time is right, you work for security and money because our society is a money society, and if you have that, you'll come pretty close to inner peace, which is what everyone works for."

"Honesty is important to me because I expect it of myself and I expect other people to be honest, too. It's easy for me to be honest because I say what I think to anybody--it doesn't matter who they are. I am what I think, so I'm honest with myself and my friends."

"I hate bad service at restaurants and hotels and waiting for planes and girls who can't meet you at your own level and phonies and disc jockies who put down groups because they think it's cool."

"Life is exciting for me--never dull,



because I'm always having new experiences, meeting new people, playing, traveling, recording, rehearsing. You have to be aggressive and it's a tremendous responsibility. I want to be a great drummer--not just a rock drummer, but someone who is respected for his overall ability, like Krupa or Rich. There are a lot of things I want to do, like record my own album and have my own show."

"I just bought a four and a half acre estate in Malibu--all on the beach. It was really a hassle getting it, but it was worth it. There are two houses and a guest house on the lot. The house I'm going to live in is only 80 yards from the beach. Anyway, it's something more permanent and there will be time to develop my mental ability through yoga, meditating so that I can look through everything physical and material and

really see myself. Time to relax and really get into myself . . ."

#### AL NICHOL

"I guess everyone has some sort of avenue of creative expression. Mine is music. Of all the arts, music seems to be the most expressive and involving. But that's because I'm a musician . . . obviously."

"When I was seven years old, my parents decided that it would be a good idea if I began piano lessons. They decided; I didn't. So I didn't practice regularly because it was something I had to do . . . it wasn't a free thing. Then when I was twelve, I got a trumpet and started playing. Then I bought a French horn. About this time bands started happening very big and I learned to play the guitar. Music comes very easily to

me...it must be something I was born with. It is a way I can express myself on many different levels."

"I want to communicate more completely to our audiences. That may sound very trite, but when you think about it...that's what it's all about. A nationally recognized group receives a lot from the public. That doesn't necessarily mean that we owe them our lives. But there is a rapport established...sort of a give and take process. That's why we work hard on our act. Along with being musicians, we want to be entertainers. When we perform, that's when we are really The Turtles. People can identify and participate. Records are another dimension. There's no visual element. No contact and response. That's why we can reproduce our records in a live performance."

"I know now that I also want a personal life. I just got married and I want to create a home and a family that will be somewhat distinct from my music. I guess what I'm working for is a balance. On one side, there is me as an individual. Then there is me as a musician, which is part of my individuality. But I am also a Turtle, which makes me a part of the group. As part of a group, I give a majority of my time and energy to the public. So, in a way, I'm a triple schizophrenic. It's a difficult balance to maintain, but I'm working on it, and I understand it."

"I'm also working toward more diversity in my music—experimenting with new sounds. The electric sitar and the bag pipes add a new dimension. They have an unusual tone and an incredible range. I'll keep working with new instruments because they're a vehicle for discovery. When I compose and arrange, I discover and grow as a musician. This is my major contribution to the group because we have to keep growing and changing and improving all the time. That's why we're writing all our own material and producing ourselves. We know now that we want to be a self-contained unit. That's where it's at."

#### MARK VOLMAN

"I was fifteen when I joined The Turtles. So I grew up both musically and personally with the group. I learned fast and sometimes the hard way, so I guess in some ways I'm really advanced and in other ways I'm not. But I've always had a lot of freedom to do what I wanted, wear the clothes I like, let my hair grow...and I've experienced many kinds of affection—from fans, from other people in show business, the other guys in the group. So I've learned to give a lot to the audiences and to my family. When I'm on stage I know that I'm



there to have fun and entertain. What more could you ask for? It's like being a kid and living on a playground. So I'm happy doing my thing. I just bought a house. I have two cars and a motorcycle and I'm comfortable. I don't invest my money mainly because people can really get hung up making money and more money. It's groovy to have but I won't let it govern my life. The really important things to me are my wife and my family. And, of course, the group is important to me. It's important that we grow musically and every way.

That's why The Turtles have always been a flexible group—musically and in our image—because we don't limit ourselves. We'll never become a trend because we're aware of how trends and fads work and we stay away from them. I guess you could say that we have a perspective. We don't want to get categorized, and we do this by remaining individuals. None of us want to submerge our personalities into the group, form a group ego. We want to be ourselves and do our thing together and continue to be successful." □



# One Act Play Starring **JEFFERSON AIRPLANE**

The interview is supposed to be with Grace Slick and Marty Balin of the Jefferson Airplane, but when you walk into the smoky motel room you find not only Grace and Marty but also Spencer Dryden, Jack Cassidy and Paul Kantner along with Bill Thompson, their manager, a public relations man and two other writers. This type of scene is an interviewer's nightmare because thoughts and questions get bounced around like tennis balls, generally landing out of bounds before they can generate information.

Eighteen eyes watch the tape recorder being assembled amid car-

tons of cold uneaten food on the motel table. Eighteen ears absorb the first question, "Is the group happy with 'After Bathing at Baxter's,' the latest album?" and the melee starts.

Spencer: I think that we found more of our real sound on the third album, but it still has a long way to go and I've had second thoughts about the album. I know that it does not connect with the mass public.

Paul: It does loud. If you turn it up loud, it does, but nobody has a loud set.

Spencer: Hey man, you have to wear headphones.

Paul: I played it on small record players and the bass is the first to go.

Spencer: I don't think it is commercially successful...What is commercial success? It is sound that you can hear, distinguish and relate to, that's what makes singles, that's what sells records. The kids that we play for, what do they yell for? "White Rabbit" and "Somebody to Love." Why? Because that's what's programmed, that's what they know. Granted, there are kids who do like the music, do take it home and listen to the albums

and love the band. But I'd still say they're in a minority. I've talked to kids, they say, "What's happened to the band, why are you doing this?" I think maybe we went too far too fast. We may have gone too far too fast, but I can't be ashamed of anything we've done. I can't look back and say it's been a bad experience.

Paul: "Baxter's" was like our first album.

Spencer: We spent a lot of time in the booth just finding out things that we never really had time to do before. Before it was always we're the guys out there, they're the guys in here, there's a big piece of glass between the two. This time it was more of a collaborative thing. It took us six or seven months to record, off and on. We'd go out for concerts and come back and record for a week. We went in there with the idea -- that's one of the things we fought for with RCA -- that we want time to record, we don't want to be shoved. The first album that this band made was recorded in one or two weeks. That was it, man, there's your first album, the first chance to be heard by the public, and you just go in there and do it. It came out raw. The second album was put together methodically by a man who probably likes Al Hirt.

Paul: Well, he knows how to make commercial records.

Spencer: Right, he knows how to get that scene down. That's Rick Jarrard. The thing is that Rick really

didn't allow any leeway for real creativity. The stuff was there, it just came off a little slick or varnished.

Paul: Studioish. "Baxter's" is a lot more like what we do on stage. It's very stage.

Marty: I like it. The way I look at it is that the newest thing that happened last year was the sound from England and I think the Airplane was the first band to give its instrumentalists a chance to show what they could do, and I think they showed their musicianship. I think that we had to think of that more than just writing "great ditties."

H.P.: How old are the people in the group?

Grace: Oldest group in the country.

Spencer: Between 25 and 30.

Bill Thompson: Between 23 and 29.

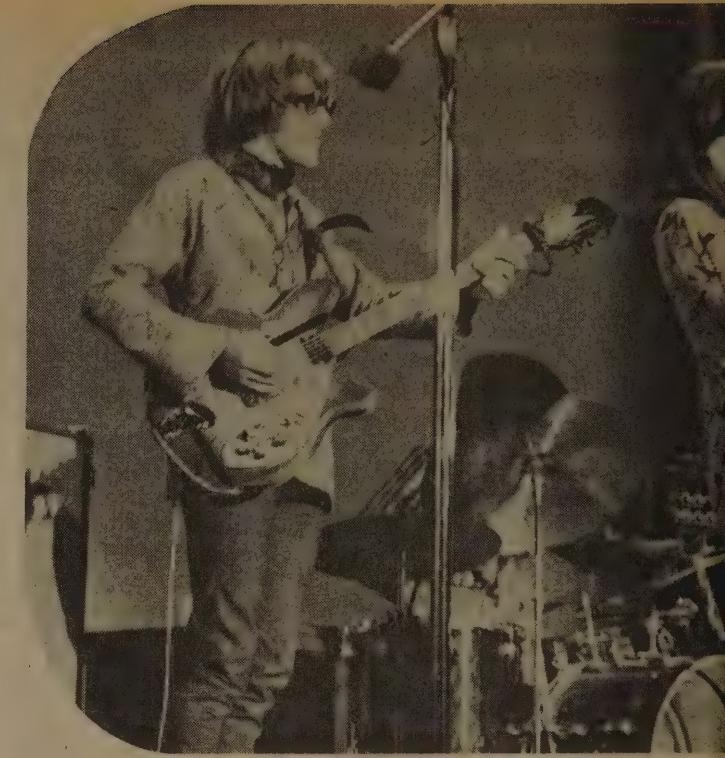
Spencer: Oh God! Management, cover yourself with two black cloths and a gag.

Thompson: That's the truth. Why lie?

Spencer: Because it's easier to say between 25 and 30. People don't identify with the numbers 23 and 29 as easily as they do with 25 and 30.

Paul: Make them learn to identify with them. They have as much right to be identified.

Spencer: I'm tired of trying to make people learn things. I would rather show them. I would rather



bend a little bit to get the guy on my side, then put the big hook in.

Paul: What an amazing turn of conversation.

Grace: There's Spencer, bouncing off the main point.

Thompson: They ought to make a recording of this and then play it back to him, just like they do in drunk therapy. They get guys drunk and film them. Then when they sober up, they show them the film.

Spencer: I'd like to have three copies made and project them on three walls of my home simultaneously.

Thompson: Of what?

Spencer: Of that movie.

Thompson: What movie?

Spencer: The movie you're gonna have the doctor take of me when I'm rapping.

H.P.: There are constant rumors of hassles within the group. Are they true?

Spencer: Yeah, but that's true with every group. Steve Stills, who was just here, same scene. And, of course, David Crosby, same scene. Charles Lloyd, same scene. We talked to the Doors, same scene. It's really a universal thing. Anytime you're dealing with emotions and business, which it always turns into because that's the structure we're using, you're going to have hassles. So they are always there. This band is kind of incredible as far as having not one direction but six different ones.

Paul: Sometimes eight.

Spencer: We're not consistent, but we're interesting. We really don't have a leader. We just have people who get mad and rap about

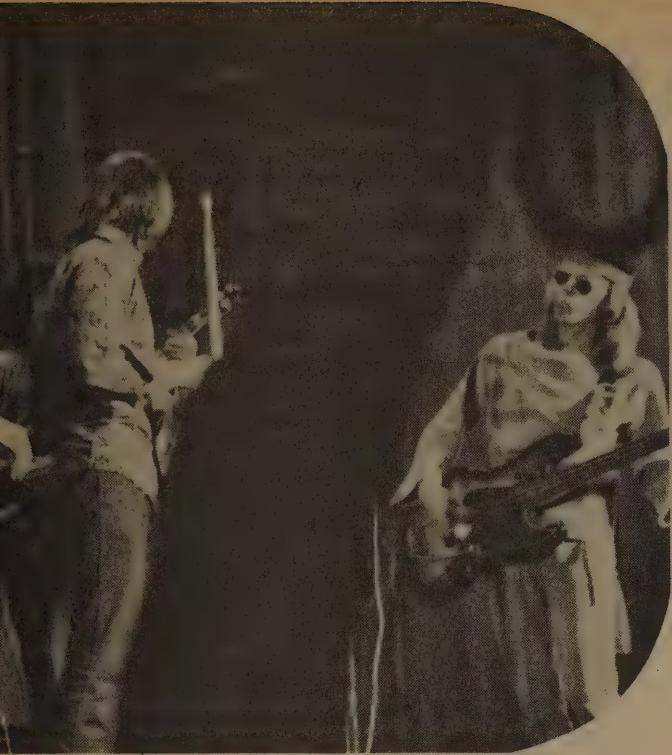
their ideas and other people rap how they feel about it and somebody else gets involved and we try one and try the other and then work, come back tomorrow and work or look at it fresh. It's really strictly non-organizational. We all want the same thing but there are so many roads to get there and everybody has about six or seven roads of their own that they see possible.

Paul: It all works out somehow.

Spencer: I would like to communicate to younger kids as well as the older ones. The older people relate more to what we're doing. The younger ones are still on that programmed thing. It is changing, but I'm still surprised that I find the biggest audience reaction to things that go thump thump thump thump (he bangs his hand on the table) and maybe a drum solo for a half hour. You have to do that if you're going to relate to a commercial market, not commercial just in terms of money, but commercial because of actual potential of getting through to the next generation. 'Cause what we're all really trying to do is to improve the situation, right? Our own and what surrounds us.

What I think you should do is get through to, not only the older kids who are on our level, that in-between war years thing, but get the ones after the war, get the ones who are going to be doing the thing.





H.P.: Grace, you came from the Great Society. Who was with you in that group?

Grace: My brother, my husband and two other people, sometimes three other people. It all fell apart at the same time. A couple of guys were interested in Indian music almost exclusively, so that caused part of the break.

Paul: And we heard rumors that they were breaking up, so we asked Grace to join us.

Spencer: One guy left, they were down to a quartet, and then there was one of those things, can we work, can we get our heads together, what's happening, why aren't we making it? Trying to fill in with four people where five were. We went through our scene about the same time (Signe Anderson had left the Airplane to have a baby) and it just seemed logical. We had all talked about it just from digging Grace with that band.

H.P.: How do you like being in this group?

Grace: Sometimes I do, sometimes I don't. Something with everybody else in the group. Sometimes it drives you crazy, other times it's better than anything else you can do.

H.P.: You have used "Alice in Wonderland" and "Ulysses" as literary sources for two of your songs. Do you read much?

Grace: Every time I read a book I write a song about it. That's how much I read. One book a year. I used to read before I started

singing. I read tons of magazines and magazines and television and radio seem to overcome books, not only for myself but for a lot of people.

H.P.: Are you particularly fond of James Joyce?

Grace: Yes. Obviously.

Spencer: There are parts in "rejoyce" that were written by Lenny Bruce, you can go into a whole thing.

Grace: Some of "rejoyce" was taken from Molly Bloom's soliloquy, some of it was from Stephen Daedelus and some of it from Bloom. It was the same three hunks the book was written in. And there was Lenny Bruce and bumper stickers and stuff like that.

H.P.: Has Marty been writing much?

Spencer: Marty has about eight tunes in the works plus he has about 40 old ones that he feels bad about or something. I have heard about 10 of Marty's tunes that I think are very good and I still get that argument, "They're old." There are some things can relate always, man.

Grace: Now wait a minute. You're a packrat, like you save magazines from 1947, so you do the same thing with music. Every time anybody has some kind of an idea, "Save it, save it, don't throw it away." But the person who writes stuff knows when he's writing good stuff and when he's writing bad stuff.

Spencer: I don't think that's

always true, because people can say, "Hey, that's schlock, man, that's not good material!" And you might have poured your heart into it.

Grace: Right. But you have to allow the person who writes it the right to throw it away.

Spencer: I do, but I also have to allow him to think very objectively about it and not take just one other person's viewpoint, but to look at it from many peoples' viewpoints. Especially when you're dealing with mass audience who, whether you like it or not, they are the ones who are putting you where you are, those are the kids like in the middle of the country, that wasteland, and those are the ones, man, if they're turned on by it, they're just simple human beings, and if you're connecting with them, you're doing like one of the greatest services. So what's wrong with that? What's wrong with being real?

Grace: I don't know. We got way off the subject. You're talking about being real, I'm talking about can I throw away a song...

Spencer: (over her) I'm talking about a cat writing tunes.

Paul: Spencer gets off the subject weirdly. He's like that Irwin Corey. Your thought patterns are very similar to Irwin Corey's.

Spencer: I am Irwin Corey. I just left my sneakers at home.

(A question about the group's relations with a former manager

draws Jack Cassidy into the conversation, but he gets momentarily tangled up in his words.)

Grace: He plays good bass anyway.

Paul: Well, let's get the bass out. (Laughter.)

Marty: He talks with his hands.

Spencer: You could do a thing with him in Hollywood, like Clara-belle and his horns, have Jack answer with nothing but his bass, people ask him questions, like Clara-belle with his horns. That would be a great bit. But the weird thing is that every song that Grace and I write, this is one cat who can fit in.

Grace: Because on all bits, Jack Cassidy has got to be the face.

Spencer: (to Paul) You're pretty definite, you know, but how can you define that (pointing to Jack)? It's Anyface. Al Capp should get ahold of you. I'd like to see an interview with Al Capp.

(Jack had drifted to the telephone during the latter part of their analysis of him and had dialed a movie theater to check the times of a show. "Oh," he says. "Okay. Thank you. Thank you." He hangs up and a disembodied Top 40-like voice blares from somewhere around the phone, "...phone number of the Groovy Games..." and fades suddenly. A mysterious occurrence for a mysterious interview. The Airplane dissolve into laughter.)

(continued on page 54)



# WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

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### •SHE'S A HEARTBREAKER

(As recorded by Gene Pitney/Musicor)  
**CHARLIE FOXX**

**JERRY WILLIAMS**

I've got another heartbreaker on my hands  
Girl, I can't stand up to you and be a normal man  
My heart can't take it  
I'm falling in love with you  
You'll trap me in to doing things I wouldn't ordinarily do  
You're dynamite, you got me uptight  
The way you sock it to me, girl, you're out of sight  
Heartbreaker, heartbreaker, heartbreaker, heartbreaker.

She's a heartbreaker all my buddies know  
She made me feel like a king behind closed doors  
When we're out on a date none of this shows  
She makes me feel like the lowest man on the totem poll  
She's dynamite, she's got me uptight  
The way you sock it to me, girl, you're out of sight  
Heartbreaker, heartbreaker, heartbreaker, heartbreaker.

What a heartbreaker  
The devil on wheels  
Whatever you got you sure make me feel real  
I'll keep on hangin' up, hangin' in as long as I can  
I can't help myself here I go again  
You're dynamite, you got me uptight  
The way you sock it to me, girl, you're out of sight  
Heartbreaker, heartbreaker, heartbreaker, heartbreaker.

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### •HERE I AM BABY

(As recorded by The Marvelettes/Tamia)

**WM. ROBINSON**

Here I am baby  
The one who swore to never yield  
Here I am baby  
The one who swore to play the field  
Said I wouldn't let no man tie me down  
Not a single one now  
Wasn't ever gonna give my heart to a mother's son now  
Was a day I proudly stated the man for me ain't been created  
But here I am baby  
The one who was so love defiant  
Here I am baby  
The one who was so self reliant  
Said I wouldn't depend on nothing else  
I'll be independent  
Make a fortune all my own  
And I'll know how to spend it  
I'll be so unstationary love would be unnecessary  
But here I am.

Here I am baby baby baby  
You won me and I do concede  
Here I am baby, baby, baby  
I find you're what I really need  
Said you've got me hangin' on a string  
Don't you let me drop now  
Since you started loving me don't you ever stop now  
Don't wanna be loved by another  
I ain't goin' another further  
Here I am baby, baby  
Take me cause I'm yours alone  
Here I am baby, baby, baby  
Yours to call your very own.

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### •ANGEL OF THE MORNING

(As recorded by Merilee Rush/Bell)

**CHIP TAYLOR**

There'll be no strings to bind your hands  
Not if my love can't bind your heart  
And there's no need to take a stand  
For it was I who chose to start  
I see no need to take me home  
I'm old enough to face the dawn  
And just call me angel of the morning  
Angel, angel  
Just touch my cheek before you leave me, baby  
Just call me angel of the morning  
And then slowly turn away from me.

Maybe the sun's light will be dim  
And it won't matter anyhow  
If morning's echoes say we've sinned  
Well it was what I wanted now  
And if we're victims of the night  
I won't be blinded by the light  
Just call me angel of the morning  
Angel, angel  
Just touch my cheek before you leave me, baby  
Just call me angel of the morning  
And then slowly turn away  
I won't beg you to stay with me  
Through the tears of the day of the years  
Baby, baby, baby  
Just call me angel of the morning  
Angel, just touch my cheek before you leave me, baby.  
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# PARADE OF SONG HITS

## •WE PLAYED GAMES

(As recorded by John Fred & Playboys/  
Paula)

**JOHN FRED GOURRIER  
ANDREW BERNARD**

When I was young we played games  
You showed me my mind had wings we  
played games  
Sittin' here wasting my time  
What else is there for me-e to do  
I used to get mad when you weren't cool  
But always disagree but never win  
I really don't know where I belong  
Layin' on the sofa wondering  
When I was young we played games  
You showed me my mind had wings  
You taught me the better things we played  
games

We played games with our love

We can save the world

The world will never know

What did I do that was wrong

Something will change there I go  
running fast and running slow.

Somewhere but I don't know

When I was young we played games  
You showed me my mind had wings  
You taught me about the better things  
we played games.

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## •YESTER LOVE

(As recorded by Smokey Robinson/  
Tamia)

**ROBINSON  
CLEVELAND**

Yesterday we made future plans  
She loved me I could tell  
Can today be that tomorrow  
that we planned so well  
Yester baby I'll never forget her  
Though tomorrow might bring me  
one better  
Today I'm on my way to love my  
yester love  
Today I'm on my way to love my  
yester love.

Yesterday I felt a tender kiss upon my face  
Now today it's gone and there's a teardrop  
on my face  
Yester kisses I used to treasure  
Now you're givin' some other lips  
pleasure  
Today I'm on my way dreamin' of my  
yester love  
Today I'm on my way dreamin' of my  
yester love.

Yesteryears the prefix that we fixed  
To things that have gone by forever  
(couldn't be saved)  
Yet even though my yester love has  
slipped through my fingers  
I find it still lingers in my heart today.

Yesterday I thought I had a love to call  
my own  
No one could have told me that today  
I'd be alone  
Yes, this sweetness today has gone sour  
Seeming further away with each hour  
Today I'm on my way dreamin' of my  
yester love  
Today I'm on my way dreamin' of my  
yester love.

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## •AMERICA IS MY HOME PART I

(As recorded by James Brown/King)

**J. BROWN  
H. MOORE**

Ha ha  
Talkin' 'bout me leavin' America  
You got to be crazy  
Man, I like all the nice things, Jack  
Continental suits and things  
Look-a-here  
Now I'm sorry for the man  
Who don't love this land  
Now black and white they may fight  
But if the enemy come we'll get together  
And run him out of sight  
Now look-a-here  
The sun don't come out in rainy weather  
But when you boil it down they're still  
together  
Now let's not overlook the fact that  
we're, we're still in reach  
You got a chance to make it  
And you got freedom of speech  
Say what you wanna  
Tell 'em how you feel  
There may be a lot of places, a lot of  
places that you'd like to go  
But believe me, if you get an education  
you can't blow it, you can't hardly  
blow it.

Now dig this  
Now you tell me if I'm wrong  
America is still the best country and  
that's without a doubt  
America is still the best country  
without a doubt  
And if anybody says it ain't  
You just try to put 'em out  
They ain't going nowhere  
You got a good fight.  
When I told you one time that I was  
a shoeshine boy  
Every word I said I meant  
But name me any other country you can  
start as a shoeshine boy and shake  
hands with the president  
It ain't gonna happen

You got to have that royal blood to make it  
And I ain't got nothing royal but me  
So, I can't take the chances  
I'm gonna stay home  
And look-a-here  
I got a brand new jet when I need to move  
A soul brother made it now ain't that a  
groove  
So look-a-here

Brothers and sisters and friends dig this  
So quit your dreaming all night  
Stop pitying yourself and get up and fight  
Don't give out, you might give up  
But just don't give out  
I tell you if you give out don't give up.  
Just don't quit going  
I mean like keep it movin' you know  
'Cause if you stop like the ball'll quit  
rollin'

Now we got tours that carry us from  
Florida to Rome  
But you know there's one thing we'll never  
forget  
America's still our home  
Hit it band  
God bless America  
I'm talking about me too you know  
I'm American myself and I like that kind  
of thing.

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## •THE LOOK OF LOVE

(As recorded by Sergio Mendes &  
Brasil '66/A&M)

**BACHARACH  
DAVID**

The look of love is in your eyes  
A look that time can't disguise  
The look of love is saying so much  
more than  
Just words could ever say  
And what my heart has heard  
Well it takes my breath away  
I can hardly wait to hold you  
Feel my arms around you  
How long I have waited, waited just to  
love you  
Now that I have found you  
You've got the look of love  
It's on your face  
A look that time can't erase  
Be mine tonight  
Let this be just the start of so many  
nights like this  
Let's take a lover's vow  
And then seal it with a kiss  
I can hardly wait to hold you  
Feel my arms around you  
How long I have waited, waited just to  
love you  
Now that I have found you  
Don't ever go (don't ever go)  
Don't ever go (don't ever go)  
Don't ever go (don't ever go).  
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## •HOW'D WE EVER GET THIS WAY

(As recorded by Andy Kim/Steed)

**JEFF BARRY  
ANDY KIM**

Look at you baby look at me  
So in love we used to be  
But now it's just a memory  
Baby, how'd we ever get this way  
Tell me baby, how'd we ever get this way.

Well I recall when things were fine  
And every day the sun would shine  
When I was yours and you were mine  
Baby, how'd we ever get this way  
Tell me baby, how'd we ever get this way.

Remember how it used to be  
Before the rovin' eye of love  
Why does it do the way it does  
Baby, how'd we ever get this way  
Tell me baby, how'd we ever get this way.

Time and time and time again  
I wonder why it all began  
Tell me how's it gonna end  
Baby, how'd we ever get this way  
Ba-la la la la la la  
Ba-la la la la la la  
Ba-la la la la la la

Baby, how'd we ever get  
Baby, how'd we ever get  
Baby, how'd we ever get this way  
Ba-la la la la la la  
Ba-la la la la la la  
Ba-la la la la la la

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# PARADE OF SONG HITS

## • UNITED

(As recorded by Peaches & Herb/Date)

K. GAMBLE

L. HUFF

Oh I'm tired of running around  
Come on baby, let's settle down  
I'm gonna make you my June bride  
We're gonna walk down the aisle  
side by side

Cause I love you and you love me  
That's the way it's gonna be  
And baby, baby, just wait and see  
We're gonna be united, united, united,  
oh baby, united.

We go together like bees and honey  
We go together like cream and money  
You brighten up my whole world  
You've got everything I need in a girl  
Oh I need you and you need me  
That's the way it's gonna be  
And baby, baby, just wait and see  
We're gonna be united, united, oh you  
got to be a part of me baby, united.  
Oh I need you and you need me  
That's the way it's gonna be  
And baby, baby, just you wait and see  
We're gonna be united, united, united.

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## • LICKING STICK - LICKING STICK - Part I

(As recorded by James Brown/King)

J. BROWN

A. ELLIS

B. BYRD

Mama come real quick and bring that  
licking stick  
Mama come real quick and bring that  
licking stick  
Mama come real quick and bring me  
that licking stick  
(Horns) Mama come real quick and  
bring that licking stick  
Mama come real quick and bring that  
licking stick.

People standing, standing in a trance  
Sister out in the backyard doing her  
out-of-sight dance  
Come tell me the other day she don't  
want to be a drag

I don't know what she's doing I think  
she's got a brand new bag

Mama come real quick and bring that  
licking stick

Mama come real quick and bring that  
licking stick.

Now look here  
Junior kills me with his lazy strokes  
When he takes his feet right off the ground  
Doing the mash potatoes and then he  
begins to slide  
Caught himself doing the James Brown  
Sister says the dance your doing is the  
latest thing

People now begin to talk  
She jumps back in that silver stride

Baby, now she's doing the camel walk  
Mama come real quick and bring that  
licking stick

Mama come real quick and bring that  
licking stick

Mama come real quick and bring that  
licking stick

One more time, mama come real quick  
and bring that licking stick

All right bring your licking stick

Licking stick, licking stick, licking stick.

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## • I GOT YOU BABE

(As recorded by Etta James/Cadet)

SONNY BONO

They say we're young and we don't know  
Won't find out till we grow  
Well I don't know why that's true  
'Cause you got me baby  
I got you babe  
I got you babe  
I got you babe.

They say our love won't pay the rent  
Before it's earned the money's always  
spent  
I guess that's so we don't have a pot  
But at least I'm sure of all the things  
we got, babe  
I got you babe  
I got you babe.

I got flowers in the spring  
I got you, you wear my ring  
And when I'm sad you're a clown  
And if I get scared you're always around  
And then they say your hair's too long  
But I don't care with you I can't go wrong  
Then put your warm little hand in mine  
There ain't no hill or mountain we can't  
climb, babe  
I got you babe  
I got you babe.

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Co.

## • (Don't Go) PLEASE STAY

(As recorded by Dave Clark 5/Epic)

BOB HILLIARD

BURT F. BACHARACH

Don't go, please stay  
Don't go, my love  
If I got on my knees  
And I pleaded with you not to go  
But to stay in my arms  
Would you walk out the door  
Like you did once before  
Or would this time be different?  
Would you stay?  
Don't go, please stay, don't go  
If I called out your name  
Like a pray'r in the night  
Would you leave me alone  
With my tears  
Knowing I need you so  
Would you still turn and go  
Or would this time be diff'rent in  
some way?  
Some hope, some chance for me  
You took me away  
From the rest of the world  
When you taught me to love you  
like this

Now I hang by a thread  
In the canyon of doom  
But I still can be saved by your kiss  
If I got on my knees  
And I pleaded with you not to go  
But to stay in my arms  
Would you walk out the door  
Like you did once before  
Or would this time be diff'rent?  
Would you stay?

Don't go, please stay, don't go, my love.  
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## • I WILL ALWAYS THINK ABOUT YOU

(As recorded by The New Colony Six/  
Mercury)

R. RICE  
L. KUMMEL

I will always think about you  
Even if I live without you  
Please don't let that ever happen  
I have too much love within me for you  
Baby, it's true, baby.

I can't find the words to tell you  
Just how much I really love you  
If you feel the same way I do  
You will know the love I have here for  
you  
Baby, it's true, baby.

The days we spend together were fine  
The nights, the lights were yours and mine  
It's true, I'll always love you, always  
love you.

So let us plan our future together  
Love is here it's getting stronger  
Even if I live without you  
I will always think about you  
It's true, baby, it's you  
Baby it's true, baby for you, baby.  
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## • I LOVE YOU

(As recorded by People/Capitol)  
CHRIS WHITE

I should tell you  
I love you, I do  
My words should explain  
But my words won't come  
I shouldn't hide my love deep inside  
My words should explain  
But my words won't come.

I should tell you just how I feel  
And I keep trying  
But something holds me back  
When I try to tell you  
I love you, I love you, I love you, yes  
I do  
I love you, I love you, I love you, yes  
I do.

But the words won't come  
And I don't know what to say  
If I can find the words on my mind  
The words could explain  
But the words won't come  
If you can't see what you mean to me  
My words should explain  
But my words won't come.

Oh how hard I try to tell you I love you  
But something holds me back  
When I try to tell you  
(Repeat chorus).

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# PARADE OF SONG HITS

## •REACH OUT IN THE DARKNESS

(As recorded by Friend & Lover/  
Verve/Forecast)

JIM POST

I think it's so groovy now  
That people are finally getting together  
I think it's so wonderful and how that  
people are finally getting together  
Reach out in the darkness  
Reach out in the darkness  
Reach out in the darkness and you may  
find a friend.

I knew a man that I did not care for  
And then one day this man gave me a call  
We sat and talked about things on our  
mind

And now this man he is a friend of mine  
Don't be afraid of love  
Don't be afraid, don't be afraid to love  
Everybody needs a little love  
Everybody needs somebody that they  
can be thinking of  
(Repeat chorus).

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## •UNWIND

(As recorded by Ray Stevens/  
Monument)

RAY STEVENS

Up in the morning at the crack of dawn  
Just a cup of coffee to go to work on  
Fight the traffic and the hustle and the  
bustle of the mob  
Gotta hurry can't be late for my job  
Gotta move at a fast pace

Gotta keep up with the rat race  
Take a tranquilizer to get me through  
the day

Work so hard for such a little pay  
Just when I think I'm gonna blow  
my mind

The clock strikes five and I can leave it  
behind

Say goodbye to that workday grind  
Run to you girl and unwind.

I can unwind in your arms baby I can  
smile

I can unwind your love makes it all  
worthwhile

A cozy room your hand in mine  
Love's sweet perfume sweeter than wine

Everything's gonna be fine

As long as you are mine

You make my little world shine

And I can unwind.

Seven A.M. comes too fast

Roll out of the bed to that alarm clock  
blast

Same routine work, sweat, tears, no  
thanks

Worry about my bills

Nasty letter from the bank

Gotta put up a good front

Gotta smile be polite and don't be blunt  
Nerves on edge wound up tight

Headache, didn't get enough sleep last  
night

Just when I think I'm gonna blow my  
mind

The clock strikes five and I can leave  
it behind

Say goodbye to that work day grind  
Run to you girl and unwind.

(Repeat chorus)

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## •YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN TO ME

(As recorded by Sam & Dave/Atlantic)

EDDIE FLOYD

STEVE CROPPER

Dave  
(Yeah)  
I gotta little song I wanna sing  
(Yeah)  
Eddie Floyd wrote this song for me  
(Oh yes he did brother)  
And I believe I can tell the world about  
it  
(Yeah)  
He told me to tell 'em about my baby  
Oh baby and I got to sing the song  
(Well all brothers'll listen to it)  
This is what Eddie told me to tell 'em  
(Go ahead and tell 'em about it, son).  
Baby, don't you worry about your man  
I'll be coming home as soon as I can  
I got a love in the palm of my hand  
It's got to get back to you soon as I  
can  
You don't know what you mean to me  
You don't know what you mean to me  
You don't know, know, know, know  
you don't know.

He also told me to tell all brothers this  
here

Look, I got lovin' you on my mind  
I'm starting right now so I'll be on time  
I wanna do all that I can  
Just to prove to you that I'm a lovin'  
soul man  
You don't know what you mean to me  
You don't know what you mean to me  
You don't know, know, know, know  
you don't know.

Now wait a minute we got something else  
we'd like to say right here

I'm gonna love you  
'Cause that's the way I planned it  
I'm gonna kiss you  
Yes I am

Cause that's the way I planned it  
Look, I'm gonna hold you till you can't  
stand it

Cause that's the way I planned it  
Yes I did

(Tell 'em, son)  
I'm gonna love you, love you, love you  
just as hard as I can

Love, love, love, love

You don't know what you mean to me  
You don't know what you mean to me  
You don't know, know, know, know you  
don't know

Oh, oh, oh, oh  
You don't know, you don't know  
You don't know, you don't know.

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## •I WANNA LIVE

(As recorded by Glen Campbell/  
Capitol)

JOHN D. LOUDERMILK

Flowers have blooms  
The ocean has waves  
The sky has clouds  
People have babes  
I wanna live  
Till I get old  
I wanna watch all of this grow  
I wanna live, live, and let live  
I want all the love this life has to give  
I wanna smile and be friendly with you  
I wanna live and let you live some too.

Rover is big, Tabby is small  
Betty is short, Jimmy is tall  
They wanna live, live and let live  
They want all the love this life has to  
give  
They wanna smile and be friendly with  
you  
They wanna live and let you live too  
We wanna live, but don't you.  
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## • JELLY JUNGLE (Of Orange Marmalade)

(As recorded by The Lemon Pipers/  
Buddah)

LEKA  
PINZ

If you're looking for sunshine fun  
Come with me I can give you some  
We'll climb a rainbow ladder to the sky  
Just you and I, we will fly  
To a yellow ball of butter where clouds  
are as puffy as a parachute sail  
In the jelly jungle of orange marmalade  
There are tangerine dreams waiting for  
you in orange marmalade.

Take a trip on my pogo stick  
Bounce up and down, do a trick  
I'll play a beat on your pumpkin drum  
And we'll have fun in the sun  
We will always be together  
Take my hand forever and come out  
of the shade  
To the jelly jungle of orange marmalade  
There are tangerine dreams waiting for  
you in orange marmalade.

Hear the trumpets play  
Violets grow like peaches in the sun  
all day

In the jelly jungle of orange marmalade  
There are tangerine dreams waiting for  
you in orange marmalade  
In the jelly jungle of orange marmalade.  
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# WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

## •I'LL NEVER DO YOU WRONG

(As recorded by Joe Tex/Dial)

JOE TEX

If I ever do you wrong  
If I ever leave you all alone  
If I ever tell you a lie  
And if I ever made you cry  
Baby, I hope a fly flies on my pie  
I hope a bee stings me over my eye  
You know I love my pie  
And I love my eye, baby  
So you know I'll never do you wrong.

If I ever make you blue  
If I ever say I don't love you  
If I ever made you sad  
And if I say something to make you mad  
Baby, I hope I slip and break my hip  
I hope a fever blister comes on my lip  
You know I love my hip and I love my  
lip, baby  
So you know I'll never do you wrong.

If I ever break your heart  
If I ever tear your dreams apart  
If I ever say we're through  
And if I ever walk away from you  
Baby, I hope a sore comes on my elbow  
I hope a rock falls on my big toe  
You know I love my toe and my elbow  
baby  
So you know I'll never do you wrong,  
oh yeah.

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## •MASTER JACK

(As recorded by the Four Jacks/RCA)  
DAVID MARKS

It's a strange, strange world we live in  
Master Jack  
You taught me all I know  
And I'll never look back  
It's a very strange world and I thank you  
Master Jack  
You took a colored ribbon from out of  
the sky  
You taught me how to use it as the years  
went by  
To tie up all my problems and make  
them look neat  
And then to sell them to the people on  
the street  
It's a strange, strange world we live in  
Master Jack  
I saw right through the way you started  
teaching me  
So someday soon you could get to use  
me somehow  
I thank you very much and know you've  
been very kind  
But I better move along before you change  
my mind.

You taught me all the things the way  
you'd like them to be  
But I'd like to see if other people agree  
It's all very interesting the way you  
disguise  
But I'd like to see the world through my  
own eyes.

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## •SKY PILOT

(As recorded by Eric Burdon & The Animals/MGM)

ERIC BURDON

VIC BRIGGS

JOHNNY WEIDER

BARRY JENKINS

DANNY MCCULLOCH

He blesses the boys as they stand in line  
The smell of gun grease and their  
bayonets they shine  
He's here to help them all that he can  
Make them feel wanted he's a good,  
holy man.

Sky pilot, sky pilot  
How high can you fly  
You'll never, never, never, reach the sky.

He smiles at the young soldiers  
Tells them it's all right  
He knows of their fears in the forthcoming  
fight  
Soon there'll be blood and many will die  
Mothers and fathers back home they  
will cry.

Sky pilot, sky pilot  
How high can you fly  
You'll never, never, never, reach the sky.

He mumbles a prayer and it ends with  
a smile  
The order is given, they move down the  
line  
But he'll stay behind and he'll meditate  
the hate.

As the young men move out into the  
battle zone  
He feels good with God you're never alone  
He feels so tired and he lays on his bed  
Hopes the men will find courage in the  
words that he's said.  
(Repeat chorus).

You're soldiers of God, you must  
understand  
The fate of your country is in your  
young hands  
May God give you strength, do your job  
really well  
If it all was worth it only time, it will tell.

In the morning they returned with tears  
in their eyes  
The stench of death drifts up to the skies  
A young soldier so ill looks at the sky  
bright  
Remembers the words "Thou Shalt Not  
Kill"  
(Repeat chorus).

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## •PAYING THE COST TO BE THE BOSS

(As recorded by B. B. King/  
Bluesway)

B. B. KING

You act like you don't wanna listen  
when I'm talking to you  
You think you ought to do baby anything  
you want to do  
You must be crazy baby  
You just got to be out of your mind  
As long as I'm paying the bills woman  
I'm paying the cost to be the boss.

I'll drink if I want to  
And play a little poker too  
Don't you say nothing to me  
As long as I'm taking care of you  
As long as I'm workin' baby  
And paying all the bills  
I don't want no mouth from you about  
the way I'm suppose to live  
You must be crazy woman  
You just gotta be out of your mind  
As long as I'm footing the bills and  
paying the cost to be the boss.

Now that you've got me  
You act like you're ashamed  
You don't act like my woman  
You're just using my name  
I tell you I'm gonna handle all things  
And I don't want no back talk  
Cause if you don't like the way  
I'm doing  
Just pick up your things and walk  
You gotta be crazy baby  
You must be out of your mind  
As long as I'm paying the bills  
I'm paying the cost to be the boss.  
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## •PLAYBOY

(As recorded by Gene & Debbie/TRX)

GENE THOMAS

Hey boy, to me you're just a playboy  
Never mean a word you say, boy  
I'm so afraid you'll go away and leave  
me lonely  
Why girl do you believe a lie girl  
Why can't you see that you're my girl  
Believe me when I say to you  
I love you only  
And never knew that love could hurt  
me like this.  
Till you came along with your kiss  
Then I fell under your spell  
Knowing quite well that you would  
only hurt me  
Gee girl why can't I make you see girl  
Just what you mean to me girl  
Then you would know I'd never go  
away without you  
Oh boy I wish that I could know boy  
If what you say is so boy  
Then I would never care what they all  
say about you  
I never knew that love could hurt me  
like this  
Till you came along with your kiss  
Then I fell knowing quite well  
That someone would tell you I would  
only hurt you  
Hey now does it matter what they say  
Gonna love you anyway now  
If you and I would fight together  
I know we'll find love.  
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# PARADE OF SONG HITS

## •INDIAN LAKE

(As recorded by The Cowsills/MGM)  
**TONY ROMEO**

You take a bus marked "Lakewood Drive"  
 And you keep on drivin' till your outta  
 the city  
 Where the air is fine with the sweet  
 smellin' pine  
 And the countryside's pretty  
 And you'll see daffodils peepin' over  
 the hills or a honey lovin' mama bear

You take a left at the bridge  
 Go down to Quakerorn Ridge  
 And in a minute you're there  
 (dupe do be do do do).

Indian Lake is a scene you should make  
 with your little one  
 Keep it in mind if you're lookin' to find  
 a place in the summer sun  
 Swim in the cove, have a snack in the  
 grove  
 Or you can rent a canoe at Indian Lake  
 You'll be able to make the way the  
 Indians do.

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 Tunes, Inc.

## •MACARTHUR PARK

(As recorded by Richard Harris/  
 Dunhill)

### JIMMY WEBB

Spring has never waited for us, girl,  
 It ran one step ahead as we followed in  
 a dance  
 Between the parted pages  
 And were pressed in love's hot fevered  
 iron  
 Like a stripped pair of pants.

MacArthur Park is melting in the dark  
 All the sweet, green icing flowing down  
 Someone left the cake out in the rain  
 I don't think that I can make it  
 'Cause it took so long to bake it  
 And I'll never have the recipe again,  
 oh no.

I recall the yellow cotton dress foaming  
 like a wave on the ground around  
 your knees  
 The birds like tender babies in your  
 hands  
 And the old men playing checkers by the  
 trees  
 (Repeat chorus).

There will be another song for me, for  
 I will sing it

There will be another dream for me  
 Someone will bring it  
 I will drink the wine while it is warm  
 And never let you catch me looking at  
 the sun

But after all the loves of my life  
 After all the loves of my life  
 You'll still be the one  
 I will take my life into my hands  
 And I will use it  
 I will win the worship in their eyes  
 And I will lose it  
 I will have the things that I desire  
 And my passion flow like rivers to the  
 sky

But after all the loves of my life  
 Oh after all the loves of my life  
 I'll be thinking of you, and wondering  
 why.  
 (Repeat chorus).

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## •NEVER GIVE YOU UP

(As recorded by Jerry Butler/Mercury)

### GAMBLE

### HUFF

### BUTLER

Never gonna give you up  
 No matter how you treat me  
 Never gonna give you up  
 So don't you think of leavin'  
 Girl, you treat me bad and I know why  
 Yeah, I've seen you runnin' around  
 with another guy  
 And you think if you hurt me that I'll  
 go away  
 Made it up in my mind that I'm here  
 to stay  
 So tell 'em  
 Never gonna give you up  
 Whisper in his ear  
 No matter how you treat me  
 Never gonna give you up  
 You tell him that Jerry said he'll never  
 let you go  
 So don't you think of leavin'  
 Hey, don't you understand what you're  
 doing to the man.

Do you see these tears here in my eyes  
 Ain't no use in my lyin'  
 'Cause I really cried  
 You think you're gonna take me and  
 put me on the shelf  
 Girl, I'd rather die  
 Than see you with somebody else  
 So throw it out of your mind  
 I'll never leave you  
 Though you grieve me and deceive me,  
 yeah  
 Hey, don't you understand what you're  
 doing to the man.

My friends all say that I'm your fool  
 And you're using me like a carpenter  
 uses a tool  
 And I know their intentions have all  
 been good  
 Some of them would help me if they could  
 But I'll never give you up  
 Never, never, never, never let you go  
 No matter what you say  
 Don't you understand that you're  
 killing this man  
 Never gonna give you up, never gonna  
 give you up  
 No matter what you do to me, baby.  
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 tion.

## •CHOO CHOO TRAIN

(As recorded by The Box Tops/Mala)

### EDDIE HINTON

### DONNY FRITZ

I've got a present for brother  
 Choo choo train  
 And I'm just dyin' to see my dear old  
 mother  
 Choo choo train  
 So don't slow down till you see my  
 hometown.

Choo choo train, choo choo train  
 I know you're not a jet aeroplane  
 But you see my baby's waitin' at the  
 station  
 So give me just a little more acceleration  
 Choo choo train.

I got me a one-way ticket home  
 Choo choo train  
 And all my wild oats choo choo done  
 been sown  
 Choo choo train  
 So don't slow down till you see my  
 hometown  
 (Repeat chorus).

Choo choo train, choo choo train  
 Can't you see the poor boy is going  
 insane  
 Choo choo train, choo choo train  
 I gotta see my baby one more again.  
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 Inc. and Muji Music Co. -

## •YUMMY YUMMY YUMMY

(As recorded by the Ohio Express/  
 Buddah)

### A. RESNICK

### J. LEVINE

Yummy, yummy, yummy  
 I've got love in my tummy  
 And I feel like I'm lovin' you  
 Love you such a sweet thing  
 Good enough to eat thing  
 And it's just what I'm gonna do.  
 Ooh love to hold ya  
 Ooh love to kiss ya  
 Ooh love I love it so  
 Ooh love is sweeter, sweeter than sugar  
 Ooh love I won't let you go.  
 Yummy, yummy, yummy  
 I've got love in my tummy  
 And I'm silly as a gummy machine  
 The lovin' that you're givin' is what  
 keeps me livin'  
 And your love is like peaches and cream.  
 Kinda like sugar, kinda like spices  
 Kinda like life with you too  
 Kinda sounds funny  
 But I love honey  
 And honey I love you  
 Ba da ba da ba dadada da da da.  
 Yummy, yummy, yummy  
 I've got love in my tummy  
 That your love won't satisfy  
 Love you such a sweet thing  
 Good enough to eat thing  
 And a sweet thing that ain't no lie.  
 I love to hold ya  
 I love to kiss ya  
 Oh love I love it so  
 Oh love is sweeter  
 Sweeter than sugar  
 Oh love I won't let you go  
 Ba da ba da da da da da da.  
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# PARADE OF SONG HITS

## •IF I WERE A CARPENTER

(As recorded by The Four Tops/  
Motown)

**TIM HARDIN**

If I were a carpenter would you marry  
me anyway  
Would you have my baby  
If a tinker were my trade would you still  
love me  
Carrying the parts I made, following  
behind me.

Save my love through loneliness  
Save my love for sorrow  
I've given you my ownliness  
Come and give me your tomorrow.

If I worked my hands in wood, would  
you still love me  
Answer me baby, yes I would, I'd put  
you above me  
If I were a miller at a mill-wheel grinding  
Would you miss your colored box, your  
soft shoe shining.

Save my love through loneliness  
Save my love for sorrow  
I've given you my ownliness  
Come and give me your tomorrow.

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## •FRIENDS

(As recorded by The Beach Boys/  
Capitol)

**BRIAN WILSON**

**CARL WILSON**

**DENNIS WILSON**

**AL JARDINE**

We've been friends now for so many years,  
We've been together through the good  
times and the tears  
Turned each other on to the good things  
That life has to give  
We drifted apart for a little bit of a spell,  
One night I get a call and I know that  
you're well  
And days I was down, you would help  
me get out of my hole.

Let's be friends, Let's be friends,  
Let's be friends.

We've been friends now for so many  
years,  
We've been friends now for so many  
years.  
We've been together through the good times  
and the tears

Dim dip a lee, dim dip a lie  
Dim dip a lou, dim deio.

You told me when my girl was untrue,  
I loaned you money when the funds  
weren't too cool  
I talked your folks out of making you  
cut off your hair  
We drifted apart for a little bit of a spell,  
One night I get a call and I know that  
you're well  
And days I was down; you would help  
me get out of my hole.

Let's be friends, Let's be friends,  
Let's be friends.

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## •SLEEPY JOE

(As recorded by Herman's Hermits/  
MGM)

**JOHN CARTER**

**RUSSEL ALQUIST**

Sleepy Joe, sleepy Joe  
Rise and shine sleepy Joe  
Now is the time, don't you know  
How to get into a new kind of dream  
You've been living alone with no Bell  
telephone  
And you don't have a shirt that is clean  
You can rest your head on the corner  
of your bed  
And you can watch the world go by  
But you're never gonna see  
What the other people see  
If you're always gonna be sleepy Joe  
Rise and shine sleepy Joe  
There are places to go  
There are windows to clean on the way  
You've got nothing to lose  
Put a shine on your shoes  
Do the best thing you can every day  
You can get upset at the way people get  
You can turn your back on the crowd  
But you're never gonna feel  
What is absolutely real  
If you're always gonna be a sleepy Joe.  
La la la la la la.

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Peer International Corp.

## •DO YOU KNOW THE WAY TO SAN JOSE

(As recorded by Dionne Warwick/  
Scepter)

**HAL DAVID**

**BURT BACHARACH**

Do you know the way to San Jose  
I've been away so long  
I may go wrong and lose my way  
Do you know the way to San Jose  
I'm goin' back to find some peace of  
mind in San Jose  
L.A. is a great big freeway  
Put a hundred down and buy a car  
In a week maybe two they'll make you  
a star  
Weeks turn into years  
How quick they pass  
And all the stars that never were  
Are parking cars and pumping gas.

You can really breathe in San Jose  
They've got a lot of space  
There'll be a place where I can stay  
I was born and raised in San Jose  
I'm going back to find some peace of  
mind in San Jose  
Fame and fortune is a magnet  
It can pull you far away from home  
With a dream in your heart  
You've never alone  
Dreams turn into dust and blow away  
And there you are without a friend  
You park your car and right away  
I've got lots of friends in San Jose  
Do you know the way to San Jose  
Can't wait to get back to San Jose.

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Seas Music, Inc. and Jac Music Co.,  
Inc.

## •WEAR IT ON OUR FACE

(As recorded by The Dells/Cadet)

**BOBBY MILLER**

We're falling in love my darling  
With all our heart and soul  
Let's put our love somewhere for the  
whole world to behold  
Love like I have must have a special  
place  
I gotta find some baby  
Let's wear it on our face.

Love is bubbling over baby, flowing  
everywhere

Our hearts can't hold no more  
It's got to go somewhere  
Love like I have must have a special  
place  
I gotta find some baby  
Let's wear it on our face.

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## •THE HAPPY SONG (Dum Dum)

(As recorded by Otis Redding/Volt)  
**OTIS REDDING**  
**STEVE CROPPER**

Gonna sing this song y'all  
Singin' it for my baby  
She's the only one can bring me joy  
That's why I sing these happy songs  
They go dum dum dedle dee dum dum  
Dum dum dedle dee dum dum  
Dum dum dedle dee dum dum  
Come on now happy song, happy  
song now.

On a cold, rainy, windy night  
She shut all the doors  
She cut off the lights  
She holds me and squeezes me tight  
She tells me Big O everything's all right  
And I go dum dum dedle dee dum dum  
Play it again dum dum dedle dee dum  
dum  
Come on now those happy songs, happy,  
happy songs.

Come on now  
Bring my breakfast to the table  
When I go to work she knows I'm able  
Do my job, I come back in  
You oughta see my baby's face

She just grins, grins, grins  
I go dum dum dedle dee dum dum  
Play it again dum dum dedle dee dum  
dum  
Sing them happy songs  
Lovely, lovely songs  
Sweet soul songs  
Those good old happy songs  
Give you such a feeling  
A lovely, lovely, feeling  
Makes you wanna shout  
It knocks you, knocks you out  
Happy, happy songs  
Those good old lovely songs  
Those sweet soul music songs.  
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Music.



# pictures I hear

by  
Brigitta

"Jumbo" is the most complex (advanced) piece of music the BeeGees have created—I'm not sure I understand it myself—(If Paul McCartney is the Schubert of rockandroll,, surely Barry and Robin Gibb are its Liszt and Chopin.) It took me longer to get used to than any other single record the BeeGees have made. First of all, the time sequence must be quite unusual; the key or mode is different from what our ears are taught by most Western music; it has the plaintive, flattened-out sound that might relate it to the recent popularization of East Indian music—but not necessarily; it is rather, perhaps, that this kind of musical expression is the natural outpouring of a melancholy, large-hearted spirit. The timing is fascinating; it gives a frozen-motion effect, like a mechanical doll slowly lifting up one arm, stretching all the joints of the arm, hand and fingers in the final kind of slowness that precedes its running down completely—We stare hypnotized—Is it ever going to run down?

"Jumbo" is another of those songs that you wish—without really 'liking' it—could go on forever. One of the things that makes it hard to listen to is the persistent feeling that it should be three times the present length to satisfy. The words have no connotative intellectual meaning to me—They may mean something subjective to the BeeGees—but this does not greatly matter; the shapes and ordering of the words are there to fit the music. This is a nice idea—one becomes tired of hearing music subjugated by words.

On the cover of his new album, *The Circle Game*, Tom Rush looks like a little boy who has a tummy ache and is taking it like a man. In fact, the pallor of Rush is carried over to the music: It is a wan, somber, sometimes even puny sound. Rush's voice was never good, but it seems to have lost the elasticity and vigor it had a couple of years ago. This shows most on the up-tempo songs; especially a ludicrous, inept version of "Glory of Love." There is a credit on the album cover that says "Concept: Tom Rush"—and the 'concept' is exactly where Rush fails. It is true that he has just about dropped his glib 'folk-rock' pretensions, but he has nothing

to replace them with except a kind of aching sadness—and the most successful pieces of the album are frank expressions of sadness. "Shadow Dream Song" by Jackson Browne is a brown and purple study which wistfully edges in the direction of Donovan, but without the hopefulness of Donovan's music. "Shadow Dream Song" communicates unrelied sadness that builds to a very high threshold from which there is no relief. Neither is there relief from the pain in Rush's own two songs, "Rockport Sunday" and "No Regrets." Both of them are well-disciplined structures—and I think Rush as a songwriter tries very hard to be honest; and succeeds well in view of the fact that he has been so much an interpreter and archivist in the past; it takes a great deal of scruple not to draw heavily on such a background: Bob Dylan, for example, has always stolen madly from his sources. "Rockport Sunday" is without words, and I think it was well that Rush spared us the use of his voice here; he is probably aware of its limitations. He uses a classical guitarist here. Both of the Rush compositions have stretches of depression with sharp, wounding climaxes—nothing ever overflows—and that is the most disturbing thing about the album: Rush treats Joni Mitchell's magnificent, epic "The Circle Game" with restraint rather than the warmth it requires. (Judy Collins' sanguine version of Mitchell's "Both

Sides Now" is a much more suitable manner.) In *The Circle Game*, a small tear squeezes through here and there, but the throat remains frozen,—throbbing but, in effect, paralyzed: The listener is allowed no catharsis.

Percy Sledge has been circling around the Sam Cooke legend ever since his first hit, "When A Man Loves A Woman." His voice is lower and thicker in texture than Cooke's, but he has much the same gift for wringing emotion from the phrases without becoming hysterical—"Take Time To Know Her" is the kind of song that could easily slip over into hysteria, but Percy keeps a tight rein on the "Sledgehammer" here. The chief virtue of the black man's idiom, the speech of the ghetto. The melody, too, has a calm, natural, hymn-like vitality. The steady dripping of the guitar accompaniment in "Take Time To Know Her" is a most important musical asset; it counters the richness of Sledge's vocal.

A song by the Rascals, "Morning" is nothing but chaotic—and we can get our three minutes of chaos anywhere; a slight jolting with an electric toothbrush would have a more prophylactic effect; one of the group's big problems is sustaining a mood—any mood. The other big problem is that their musical ambitions far exceed their capabilities; their newly ponderous attitude is illustrated best by the silly name change: Little Anthony

(continued on page 61)



# Will The Real HOLLIES Fans PLEASE SHUDDUP!

When the screaming had to stop, or rather, as far as the Hollies are concerned, when the screaming should have stopped was February, 1967.

But it didn't, so they stopped instead. They stopped making so many appearances in Britain, concentrating on television and radio work and frequently going abroad to entertain live.

"We've just spent six weeks in America," Tony Hicks told me as we relaxed in his mews flat not a cheque's bounce away from Harrods. "It was far too long, we'll not be away that

long again."

Graham Nash got up and joked as he left the room: "There's nowt like t' British Isles. Nowt like it."

It transpired that during their American marathon, the Hollies developed a whole new approach to their act. Gone are the days of waving to the audience, egging the girls on and doing the happy-go-lucky bit all the time.

"We got the act up to an hour and a half," Tony revealed, much to my astonishment.

"We just walk on and start playing when we're ready. At one place, they applauded for three minutes when we went on. That's a lifetime when you're just standing there setting up."

"It's really difficult to describe our act now. We talk to the audience, make a few jokes. It's not a bit like it used to be, all non-stop music."

"We're on stage for an hour or more and I find I haven't sweated for weeks. I used to come off wringing."

The criticism that the Hollies are neglecting their fans by their lack of British appearances was a point which Graham was quick to answer.

"They won't shuddup," he complained. "We don't want to play to the screamers any more. There's two sides to this - it's nice to be screamed at and having the girls going mad down the front. But, artistically, it's no good nobody being able to hear a thing you're playing."

And that is the basis of the Hollies unwillingness to become involved either in the endless round of ballroom scenes where "they're boozing and snogging" or part of a pop tour which is all guitar groups pounding away.

Tony sipped a large beaker of tea as I asked him if the Hollies have ever considered the possibility of going on stage with an orchestra.

"Yes, we have. We talked about it in America. It could happen," Tony told me. "I think it's a good idea. It'll be nice if the Bee Gees tour works out with the orchestra."



"I think that's rubbish!" explained Graham. "You don't need a sixty-piece orchestra. Just a few selected musicians would do."

"If we do this sort of thing, we'll only use them on certain numbers . . . if we want something like 'Butterfly' augmented."

Both Tony and Graham agreed that the Hollies would like to do a series of concerts with themselves and a few other musicians on the bill.

"Just an evening of us," Tony expanded. "At somewhere like the Festival Hall. If you appear there, the screamers won't come. They wouldn't go to a place like that and scream."

"It'd be nice if a lot of eleven-and twelve-year-olds did come and listen, though," Graham mused. "If they did and heard what we were doing, it'd be better all round."

With us was the Hollies' manager, Robin Britten, who pointed out that because of the unavailability of theatres during much of the year, it was only possible for a group of the Hollies' calibre to work here for about ten weeks a year.

"In the past four years, we've never played the same place twice in America," Tony stated. "We've never played in Los Angeles or San Francisco or New York.

"It was Chicago that got us off, we've done places like Miami and loads of towns all over the place, but never any of those others. It's so huge that you can work all the time

and still thousands of people won't have seen you."

"It's not the same in England where there are only a certain number of venues. When we finished the tour last February, we'd been seen everywhere three or four times."

Has the fact that the Hollies haven't toured here for over a year affected their popularity?

"I don't think so," Graham replied. "I don't think it's made all that difference. We do the TV's and things and make records."

Graham was not happy, however, about the fate of the excellent "King Midas In Reverse," which only reached No 18 in England. It was a shock to the Hollies and a big surprise to the many people who considered it to be one of their best records.

"It was too early," Graham opined. "We wanted to break away from the usual pop records that we had been doing, but people wouldn't have it. It was a disappointment. If it had come out in nine months' time, it would have been a big hit."

"Jennifer Eccles" was recorded the day before the Hollies left for America. But even that single hasn't met with one hundred per cent Hollie approval.

"It is bad for us that 'Jennifer Eccles' is put out at this time," Graham said.

"It's another pop record and we would have liked to start doing something different now so that by the time we got our concerts fixed, the people would have been ready.

"The money doesn't mean a thing.

When I say this, Richard, I mean it sincerely. We don't care if we don't make a penny, so long as the people shuddup and listen."

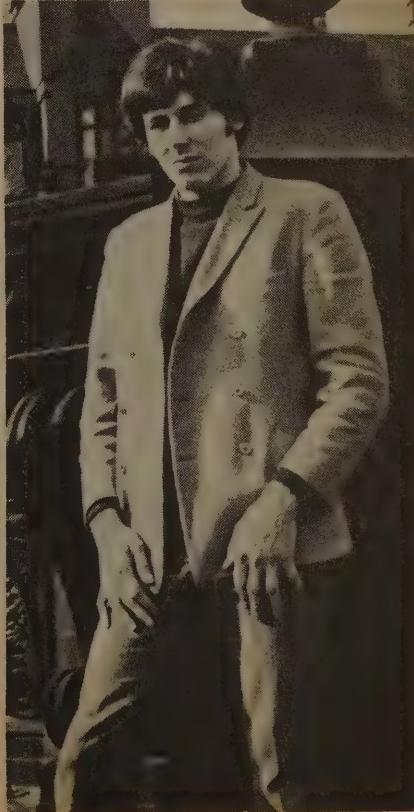
It seems, then, that after four or five years of touring and playing dismal little gigs, the Hollies have reached the stage where they need artistic satisfaction. This is a thing that they will get when their audiences pay attention and stop treating them like a "cor, ain't he smashing, let's grab 'im" group.

"I was talking to Peter Frampton in a dressing room last week and he said he was envious of us going to America and doing all those things," Graham recalled. "He said he'd like to do what we've been doing and not have all the screaming all the time."

"But I told him that it'll take a couple more years yet before the Herd can expect that. He was pretty brought down about it. Don't forget, we had it for years and years."

I, for one, hope that it works for the Hollies. Since they first came South, I've been visiting them regularly watching them record, discuss and perform. There has been a gradual change in their attitude toward the business and now they are on the verge of a major breakthrough.

If any screamers don't agree, wait for the Hollies new LP which they are currently recording. Listen to it and realize what they have to say. Then go to a concert and listen again, NO screaming, and be pleasantly surprised. □ richard green



# **GEORGE MARTIN**

**Talks About**

# **THE BEATLES**



Ever since the Beatles changed the face of pop music, the men behind the stars have emerged from the anonymity that cloaked their craft in earlier years. Today, the record producer has become for some people more

important than the star, and in many cases he is, especially when the star has nothing to say for himself. But what about the artists who are bubbling over with originality as was and is the case with the Beatles themselves?

George Martin, who is probably the best known of all the 'name' producers, vehemently dislikes being called the fifth Beatle. "It's very silly," he said. "I'm very much older than they are and there just couldn't be such

a person. The Beatles are four people, very much a unit, and not even Brian Epstein could get inside that unity."

Nevertheless, it is often assumed that if it were not for Martin's guiding hand, the Beatles' music would be very different. He was, after all, the first person in the music business to recognize their talent and sign them up when he was a staff producer at EMI, the world's largest recording organization, and it could be argued that if not for his perception, the career of the four lads from Liverpool would have led a very different direction.

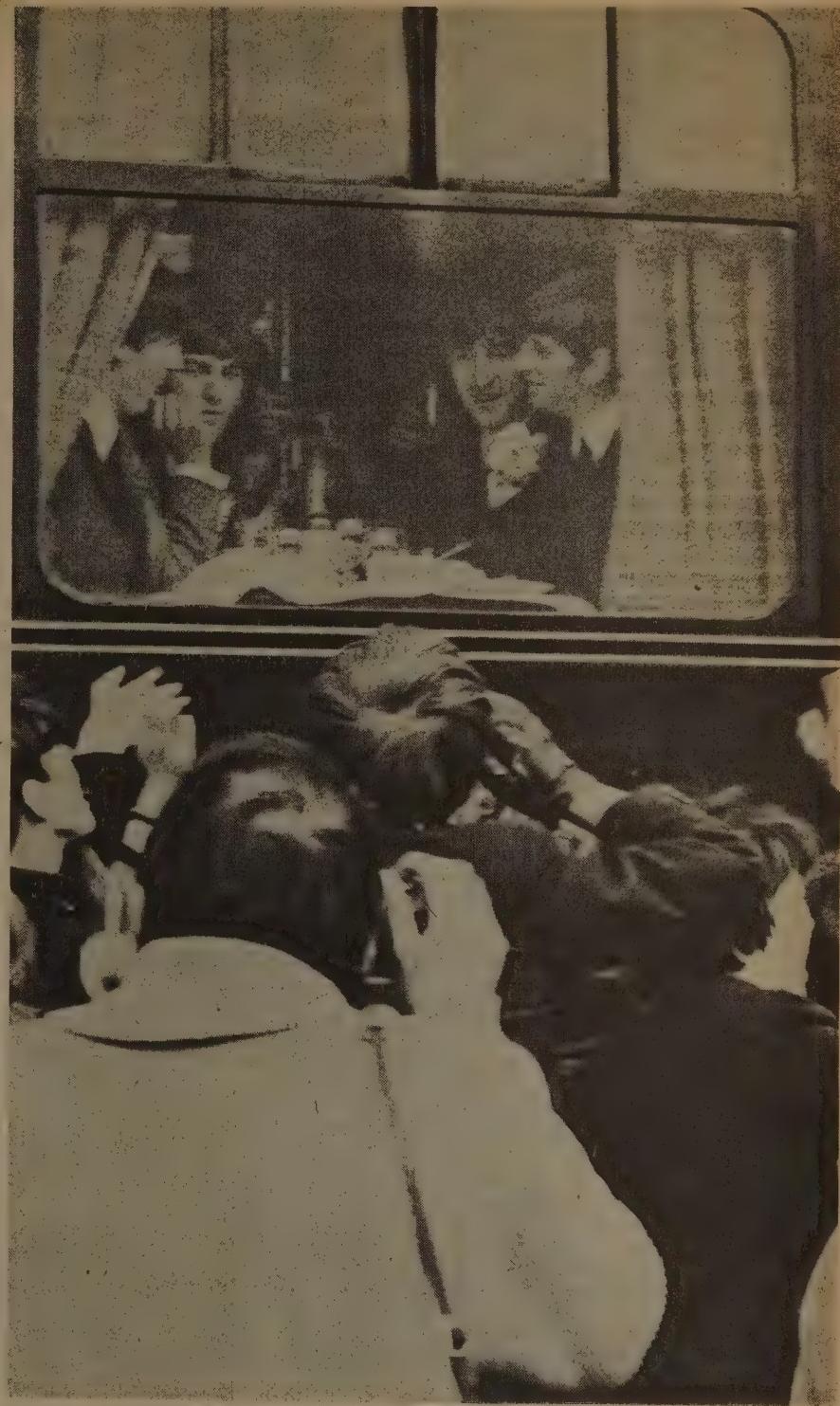
Martin agrees that their music might have been very different if not for his guiding hand, "but it's difficult to think how different. You could say that without Brian they would never have existed and you could also say that without me they'd never have been on record. It's possible, but unlikely, because I think that a talent like that is always bound to come out in the end. If they hadn't met me they'd have met some other musician."

In the short space of six years, Martin has seen the Beatles pass through several distinct phases in their music, but the first virtue that held his attention was surprisingly, not their singing or their songs, but their individual personalities. "I thought they were very engaging people. I liked them immensely and I thought we could do something with them although I didn't know what." The producer experimented with the group, discovering who had the best vocal or instrumental potential, and then started to systematically turn down all their songs.

"Love Me Do" was, as far as I was concerned, the best of a bad bunch. I wasn't very happy with it but they wanted to do one of their own. 'Please Please Me' was started on but it was in a very rough state, and I didn't think the boys were very good songwriters. So I went around scouring the song publishers for a song for this group that nobody wanted to know about."

As a result of his search Martin eventually came up with 'How Do You Do It?', a song that was later to score for Gerry & The Pacemakers and written by the doyen of British hit-makers, Mitch Murray. "They didn't want to record it but I insisted," recalled the producer. "They didn't record it very well and I realized then that unless they did something they particularly liked, they weren't going to put anything into it. Even in those powerless days they were still very strong-minded."

On hearing the playback after the session, the Beatles stressed that they could do much better if they could use their own material, and after much persuasion, Martin agreed, providing that they came up with something really good. "They went away and came back with 'Please Please Me' and I thought it was great. I had the satisfaction of telling them on



the actual session that we had a number one record and of course we did. It became their first number one."

The emergence of the strength of the Beatles' musical personality was, Martin feels, very gradual. He traced their career back to the first period that ended with 'I Want To Hold Your Hand', and considers that 'Yesterday' was the real breakthrough. "That was the beginning of their middle period, sort of melodic or 'soft' as they probably would say. It was also a kind of transitional stage between the early days and 'Revolver' which was, I suppose, the beginning of the 'Sergeant Pepper' period."

Mention of 'Pepper' brought up the question most people want to ask: to what extent is the hand of George Martin in evidence on this revolutionary album? "Well, it's very different to the early work when, because the things were so simple and because they were comparatively inexperienced, my musical participation lay invariably in suggesting the arrangements. In 'Pepper' it was very different because by that time they knew a lot about recording and a lot about music. Consequently my main job was to try to get out of their heads what their ideas were, because they're

(continued on page 52)

# ARS NOVA &

The musical credentials of the members of Ars Nova, a new-and new type of pop group, would look good on the members of a pro musica antiqua. The lead singer, Jon Pierson, who is an alumnus of the Mannes College of Music, played with the Queens Symphony, the New York Orchestral Society, the National Symphony, and was a founder and director of the NY Baroque Brass Ensemble. The rhythm guitarist and writer, Wyatt Day, is also a proficient pianist and violinist and has composed string quartets, duos for cello and viola, and a series of classical guitar pieces. He studied flamenco music while living in a gypsy community in Seville, Spain. William Folwell who plays horn for Ars Nova attended the Eastman School of Music and the Manhattan School of Music and has a degree in trumpet. He toured Europe and America with several avant-garde jazz bands. The drummer, Maurice Baker, another Mannes alumnus, also writes for the group. He has conducted a Russian Church Choir in Montreal, and he was a drummer with the Black Watch and led a Russian Folk Orchestra. Bass player Jonathan Raskin is a self-taught classical guitarist and has appeared in concerts at Town Hall, Kaufman Auditorium and Lincoln Center. John Papalia is another self-taught jazz and classical musician. He plays lead guitar for Ars Nova and has toured with many jazz groups as well as having one of his own.

The boys met while giving music instruction to underprivileged children in Harlem, and they decided to form a group along the lines of a music society. Hence the name Ars Nova, or new art, a phrase used to describe the new musical style of the Renaissance. The members of Ars Nova hope to create music which would combine the complex modes, forms, and instrumentation of ancient music with the impact and immediacy of today's pop sound.

\* \* \* \*

## THE INCREDIBLE STRING BAND

Were you in Scotland in 1965? No? Well, were you in England any time thereafter? Newport in '67 perhaps? Have you been keeping up with the British music weeklies? Maybe you were at a now-legendary concert at London's Elizabeth Hall this summer. You weren't? Well then, now we understand why you might not have heard of the Incredible String Band.

But let's not waste any time-their second album has been released here - having been preceded by a first that held the top of the British folk charts as recently as March 1967. The second, released in England this past summer, reached that same pinnacle not six months later. Where have they been, and what have they been doing all that time?

Let's begin at the beginning: Robin Williamson and Michael Heron are the Incredible String Band. What makes them incredible? Alas, what makes them a band? The Incredibles were born out of Clive Palmer's Incredible Folk Club in Glasgow, in 1965. The band then consisted of Robin and Clive, who, as a duo, became one of Scotland's most popular folk groups. That year, Mike joined the group, adding his own talent as a songwriter to Robin's, as well as his skill with the guitar, sitar and harmonica. Among them, the ISB accounts for an oud, flute, penny-whistle, gimbri, mandolin, violin, banjo, tamboura, organ, finger cymbals, harp, dulcimer-and a bucket of water.



THE INCREDIBLE STRING BAND

Originally, their repertoire consisted of Uncle Dave Mason songs, and jug band tunes. Slowly, original material began seeping in until the balance was reversed, and the "new material" was put down on their first Electra disc in June 1966. Shortly after the release of the album, two members of the group-Robin and Clive, split for Morocco and Afghanistan respectively. Upon Robin's return, he and

Mike resumed singing as a duo—which is how it's been ever since-making their first appearance outside their native Scotland in November 1966 with Judy Collins and Tom Paxton at Albert Hall in London.

Their latest album, *The 5000 Spirits Or The Layers Of The Onion* (EKS 74010/EKL 4010) has been compared to *Sergeant Pepper*, but solely for the

# THE INCREDIBLE STRING BAND



ARS NOVA

## Two Groups With Amazing Background

quality of innovation. THE INCREDIBLE STRING BAND is unlike anything you have ever heard. Eastern, Middle Eastern as well as Scottish & British sounds abound in their music, but only as pure original influence, not an imitation of another group's gleanings.

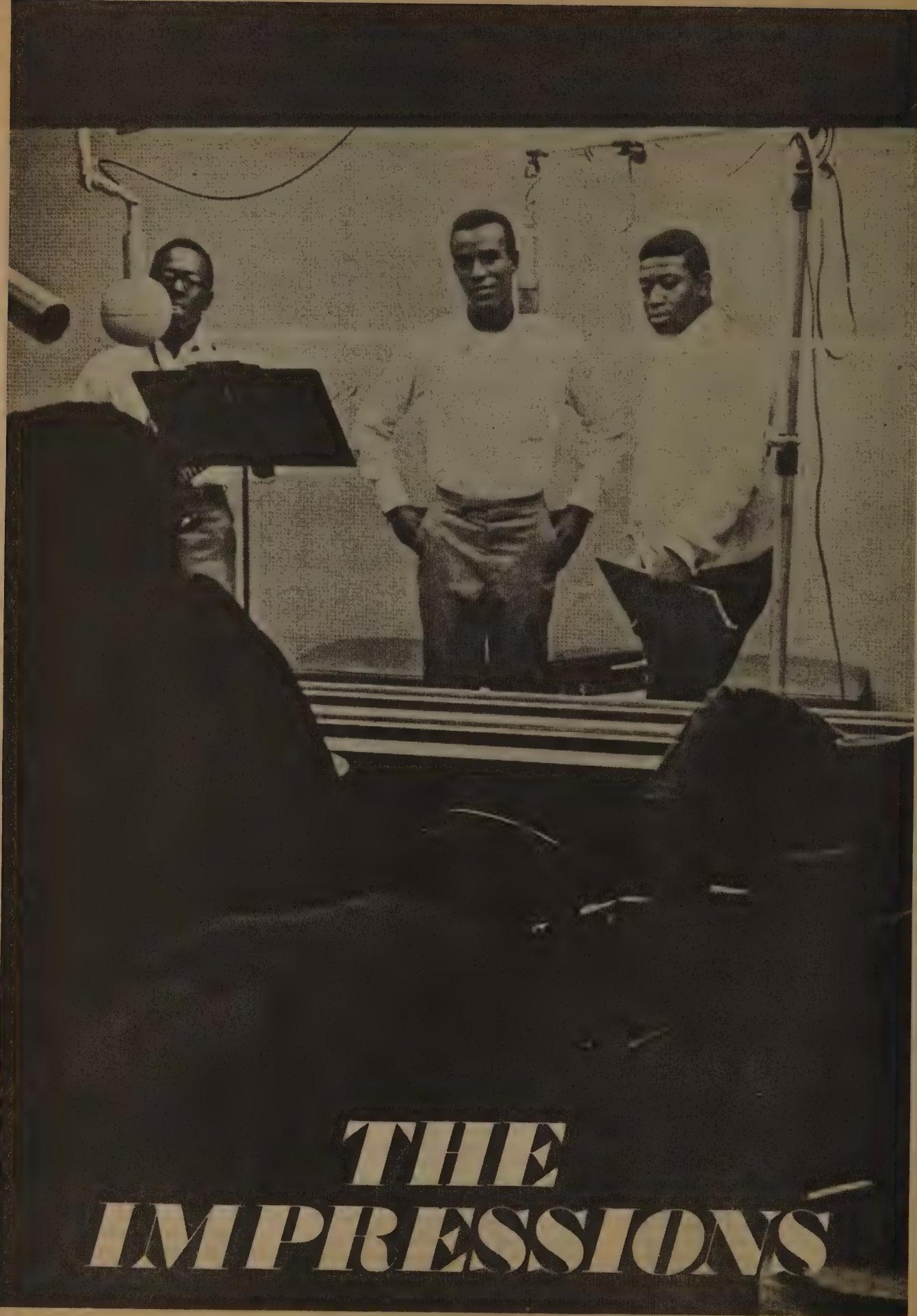
Mike Heron and Robin Williamson look like (excuse the expression) minisingers or minstrels—like they belong to the

strange assortment of instruments they play. Often, they are accompanied in their appearances by two girls, er—damsels, who dance while they sing.

It's difficult to get Mike and Robin to talk about themselves, as they are so caught up in timelessness, they refuse to be pinioned by today's remarks. They take exception to their love of grass and water-flowing water—simple natural ele-

ments which they return to the world through the magical transformation of their music.

"Magical," "incredible"—elusive descriptions, perhaps. All the better to get you to listen first hand to the wealth of beauty, whimsy and aura of fantasy THE INCREDIBLE STRING BAND creates. □ seldom person



# **THE IMPRESSIONS**

The Impressions have proved that it is possible to become tops in the record field without resorting to the loud, unintelligible sounds that can hardly be understood through the overpowering beat of today's popular music. The gentle, harmonious blend of voices achieved by Curtis Mayfield, Samuel Gooden, and Fred Cash are so welcomed by record fans, that they have pushed the Impressions to their present peak of popularity. The Impressions long ago passed out of the "popular today and gone tomorrow" category, and into the small "here to stay" group of singing stars.

Curtis Mayfield, Samuel Gooden and Fred Cash have been singing together since 1958. Gooden and Cash, both from Chattanooga, Tennessee, began their vocal career in the southern city with a local singing group. Seeking a larger audience and a greater opportunity in the musical field, they picked Chicago as the spot to begin. They hadn't been in the Windy City long when they met Curtis Mayfield and the well-known singer, Jerry Butler. Curtis and Jerry were also singing veterans, having performed for years in their local church. The following year (1958), the group met Eddie Thomas, a veteran of the music world, who immediately signed them to a management contract and changed their name from the Roosters to the Impressions.

Thomas arranged for a recording session, and the Impressions' first recording—"For Your Precious Love"—became a nationwide hit. Jerry Butler left the group shortly after and went on to become a big star in his own right. When Butler left, Curtis Mayfield took over as lead singer; Samuel Gooden continued as bass; and Fred Cash as tenor. Since signing with ABC Records, the Impressions have turned out hit after hit ("Gypsy Woman," "It's All Right," "Talking About My Baby," "I'm So Proud," "People Get Ready," "Keep on Pushing," "Amen," "Woman's Got Soul," and others).

As with any attraction in show business, many factors have conspired to assure the Impressions of permanent success, but a look into the philosophy of their lead singer and songwriter indicates a few of the reasons.

Curtis Mayfield, who happens to be the youngest of the group, is also the leader and writes practically all of their songs. Curtis hasn't made a monopoly of songwriting just to push his own work, but simply because, he says, "My experience has shown that the group does better with originals. I think this is because my own sincerity and emotion, which have gone into the song, are reflected in our performance of it." To carry this original interpretation of original material a step further, Curtis out-



lines in detail to Johnny Pate, arranger for the group, exactly what he has in mind for the song, and then sings each part to Sam and Fred, ending up with an integration and performance that is unexcelled.

Curtis emphasizes that, "I don't write songs hinged on catch phrases. Mainly, my songs come through the experience of myself and others. I think of the entire idea first, and the title comes later.

"I like to set my audience and people as a stage, and work from that. For instance, our song, "Keep on Pushing," was originally an inspirational song that I had written because I felt it has a message for everyone. When it came time to record it, I had to change the lyrics somewhat to make it more suitable for a pop record. The original version had the line, "God gave us our strength," which I changed to "I've got my strength, and it don't make sense not to keep on pushin'". The whole idea is simple, and based on the way a lot of people must feel.

"When I write, I definitely work best alone. First of all, I never know when I'll be in the mood to write. I can't write when I want to. By that, I mean that I can't say to myself, "Now I'm going to write a song," and do it."

As a songwriter Curtis is a creative artist, first, and a businessman second.

"I write songs, not knowing what I'll do with them. I've written a lot of songs that people will probably never hear, because they mean something only to me. I don't write a song with a particular artist in mind, but I write when I have a

special idea or inspiration—then, when it's finished, I start thinking about what to do with it. If an artist has done one of my songs and it's done well for him, then it sets a pattern for him."

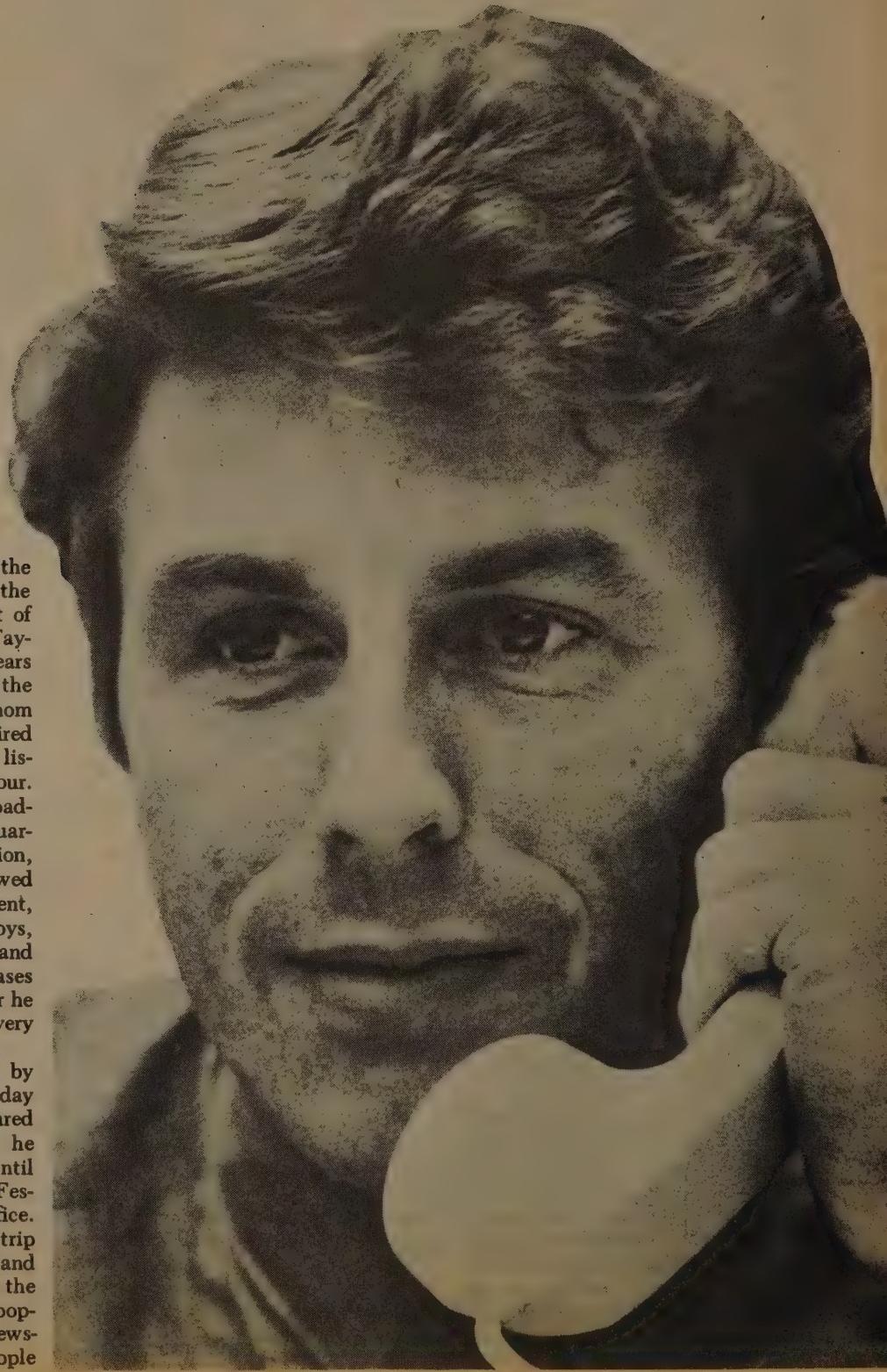
Oddly enough, Curtis says that most of his personal favorites haven't turned out to be hit songs.

As far as tracing the roots of his creative style, Curtis finds it hard to do. "When I go into a studio, I work with sounds and ideas that have accumulated from what I've heard. I never stick to one style, but I try to just be myself, which creates a style of its own. I appreciate and get ideas from the classics to deepest blues—and everything in between. This enables me to veer in any musical direction. I don't favor any special type of music or style, as long as it sounds good to me."

Not confining their appeal to singing alone, The Impressions have established a reputation for comedy and simple, but professional, choreography in their personal appearances. This helps to explain their popularity in such spots as the Apollo Theatre in New York, the Howard in Washington, The Royal in Baltimore, The Regal in Chicago, and The Uptown in Philadelphia.

The Impressions have been an important influence in molding the sound of music in the Sixties, and their unusual artistry continues to forge indelible musical "impressions" as they constantly tour the country performing in theatres, clubs and auditoriums. (Latest album/We're A Winner, ABC.)

# Farewell To **DEREK TAYLOR**



"For the benefit of Mr. T," the invitation read, a phrase from the Beatles heading the announcement of a farewell party for Derek Taylor. Taylor arrived in Hollywood several years ago, a lean ageless Britisher fleeing the maelstrom around the Beatles, for whom he served as publicist. He was hired by a local pop station to provide listeners with liaison to the Fab Four. After much fanfare and a few broadcasts from Bermuda, where the quartet was filming, Derek quit the station, unhappy over their use of his borrowed fame. Derek became a press agent, accumulating the Byrds, the Beachboys, Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band and others as clients. His press releases and biographies were stunning, for he wrote the way he talked and every six words created a philosophy.

But his good humor was taxed by the load of press agency. One day he closed his office and disappeared into the Hollywood Hills, where he hid with his wife and children until the Monterey International Pop Festival again lured him into an office. His posterized room on the Sunset Strip was a showcase for his sanity and humor as he coped cheerfully with the media people, from giggling teenybopper writers to skeptical alcoholic newspapermen. There were always people

in the office, writers and their prey, who ranged from Steve Stills of the Buffalo Springfield to Andrew Loog Oldham, then producer-manager of the Rolling Stones.

In the crush of the festival, Derek manned the Monterey press office brightly, talking to a fraud whose only credential was a tattered newspaper clipping, to a strident employee of a Monterey property owner who demanded a press badge, to a reporter from a swimming pool trade magazine who wanted entry, to the 24th person who claimed to be from the Free Press, the 32nd who said he was helping the Diggers, to someone who said he was me but wasn't. Each of them was extended at least 60 seconds of pleasant humor and the nicer fakes were even admitted, but Derek's words would sharpen frighteningly after the minute of politeness.

After the festival he went to work for A&M Records in a job he defined as "being a beautiful person." He sat in a white cane chair with a huge arched back, a throne, perhaps from "Alice in Wonderland," and wrote beautifully rhythmic sentences when he wasn't holding court. He wrote liner notes for A&M, articles for Hit Parader, a column for Open City (a Los Angeles underground paper), newspaper pieces, magazine stories and publicity material. He had his own Sunday night radio show.

By now Derek had become Derek, not the man who once was the Beatles' press agent, so he decided to rejoin the Beatles. They asked him to head up Apple Records, their new label, in England.

Before he left he had to have a party. The Byrds were the beginning of Derek becoming Derek, as was Captain Beefheart, so he asked them to entertain at his party. Where could he hold it? In the place where the Byrds began, obviously. Ciro's — no longer Ciro's, but Ciro's it would be for one night. The Hollywood club had undergone a number of transformations since the Byrds, each ending in a brief dark death for the nightery. The last was an awful reincarnation called Spectrum 2000, which had succeeded in leaving Ciro's lifeless for six months.

Derek revived it, prefacing the event with an audacious invitation informing the recipient that he was to pay \$5.50 for admission, a sum which he said made him wince at his own presumption. Several hundred winceless people paid the ante to mingle with him and with each other, eat hot dogs and sip wine and soft drinks, a final reunion of many of the prime movers of a musical era which began with the Byrds.



Vito and his crowd, an outlandish group of dancers who represented the beginnings of the freak-out scene, re-created their free-form garish rituals among the other dancers. Kim Fowley, a tall angular man with hypnotic eyes, wheeled and postured across the floor after shedding a straight jacket made from a clear plastic laundry bag. He was tied to his partner by a cord which circled his waist. On stage, Captain Beefheart howled as only he can while the Magic Band blared their electrical hearts out.

Intermission and a speech from Derek. He made a number of speeches that night, punctuating his comments with records by the Beatles and the Mamas and the Papas and other people whose music had lent significance to his past. "Thank you, Lou Adler, John Phillips. Thank you, Captain Beefheart. Thank you, Byrds. Thank you, Gene Clark." A smile as he recognized a face in the throng. "It's been nice here. You're such a lovely audience, we'd love to take you home with us. And now a word from the Beatles." A record played and then Derek was on again, rambling thank yous and aphorisms, ending this speech with a recording of Dylan Thomas, whose verbal patterns were not far from Derek's.

The Byrds popped on stage, the new Byrds, accompanied by Gram Parsons and an unidentified steel guitarist. They went backwards through time, beginning with some of their new country and western songs and winding through "Chimes of Freedom" and "Eight Miles High" and "Turn, Turn, Turn" and "Mr. Tambourine Man" and other vintage Byrds material. Gene Clark was up there with them, too happy to be

very good but symbolizing an important reunion for one night. It seemed as if everyone was dancing. You had to, part of the rite of respect for the past.

Surprise! Tiny Tim took over the stage, pulling his ukelele from the carpet bag out of which he seemingly lives, blowing kisses to the audience, laughing with the joy he brings to performances. Plunk, plunk, plunk and his inimitable vibrato was bounding through a song, then another and another. Ukelele into carpetbag, "Thank you," dash from stage, applause and cheers. "Would you like him back?" asked Derek rhetorically. Wilder cheers. "Again," Derek urged. Screams of desire. A young lady in a white fairy tale dress grappled with the air and stumbled sprawling onto the stage in a frenzy of appreciation. But Tiny Tim had gone. "Oh well," said Derek. "You weren't cheering because you expected something in return, were you?"

More records and the crowd began to thin because it was late and Derek's speeches had been transferred into private arenas. Derek left the next day. The pop festival which might have brought a brief return has been canceled. Ciro's is black again. The Byrds have played a few local gigs, but not with Gene Clark. Captain Beefheart is back hiding in the hills where he can escape the nasty side of the record business. Vito and his people venture out once in a while, as do Kim Fowley and Andy Williams and Lou Adler and John Phillips, but not together. We hope you have enjoyed the show. . . We're sorry but it's time to go. . . Sergeant Pepper's lonely. . . □ pete johnson



# granny's gossip

Got any questions about the stars? Write to: GRANNY,  
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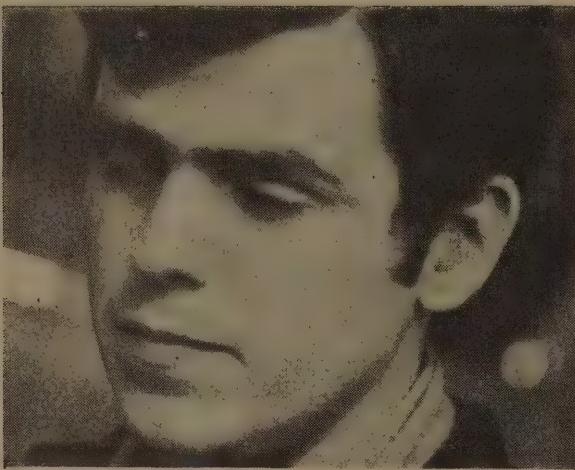
Congratulations to *Paul* and *Jane*. . . . The *Beatles* and *Donovan* are planning a mammoth Festival of Peace to be staged in Britain next May (1969). The *Maharishi* will help them organize it. That's nice. . . . Beach Boy *Bruce Johnson* met *Elvis Presley* in Hollywood. . . . Person Belgrade met *Fernon Bentley* in Derby, Conn. . . . *Davy Jones* will be a guest on *Lulu*'s TV series in England. Isn't that sweet? But I still say their "romance" will never last. . . . if there is one to begin with. . . . *Lulu* will be back in America this autumn for three weeks in a Las Vegas nightclub. *Lulu* will star in a movie musical to be filmed in England during June and July. . . . The *Monkees* filmed additional scenes for their movie during their visit to Japan. . . . *Bob Dylan* may go on tour this summer. If he comes to your town, say Hi to him for me. . . . *Eric Clapton* of the *Cream* and several members of the *Buffalo Springfield* were arrested after neighbors complained about their noisy, smokey party in *Steve Still's* Topanga Canyon, California home. . . . *Joan Baez* married *David Harris*, an anti-war protestor. . . . I saw the *Stone Poneys* at the Bitter End in Greenwich Village and later, while I was eating a nice omelette at the Tin Angel restaurant upstairs, *Linda Ronstadt* joined me. She had an omelette too. Linda is a very nice girl. . . . The *Beach Boys* enjoyed their college tour with the *Maharishi* and they plan to visit his house, or his cave or wherever he lives, this September. . . . The *Young Rascals* have been bumped by the mumps lately. First *Gene Cornish* developed mumps while the group was touring in the south. A month later, on the West Coast, *Felix Cavaliere* caught them. *Dino* and *Eddie* are keeping their fingers crossed. . . . Old Rock & Roll Groups Never Die: Remember *Reparata & The Delrons*, who had a hit with "Whenever A Teenager Cries" three years ago? They're still together and a recent single "Captain Of Your Ship," which didn't do very well in this country, became a big hit in England so the girls went over and had a nice time. . . . Another American group, the *Showstoppers*, a vocal quartet from Philadelphia, released "Ain't Nothin' But A Houseparty" on a small American label with no success. Somehow, the record became a hit in England and it's being re-released here. . . . And American folksinger *Tim Rose* is buying a home outside London because he spends a lot of time over there. . . . On the other hand, *Eric Burdon* has just appointed as his new manager an American TV producer. . . . Speaking of Americans. . . . The *American Breed* added "The Alone Phone" to the list of top ten radio commercials they've recorded. . . . The *Hollies*, *Paul Jones* and the *Scaffold* toured Britain in May accompanied by a full concert orchestra. . . . But the term "really big show" had not reached its ultimate realization until the world's largest rock and roll band, the *Kasenetz-Katz Singing Orchestral Circus*, which incorporates eight different groups, made their debut at Carnegie Hall. The 46 members include the *1910 Fruitgum Company*, the *Ohio Express*, the *Music Explosion*, *Lt. Garcia's Magical Music Box*, the *JCW Ratfink*, the *1989 Musical Marching Zoo*, the *Teri Nelson Group* and the *St. Louis Invisible Marching Band*. The people who produced the concert have something even larger in mind. Their next group

will fill all the seats in Carnegie Hall with the audience on stage.

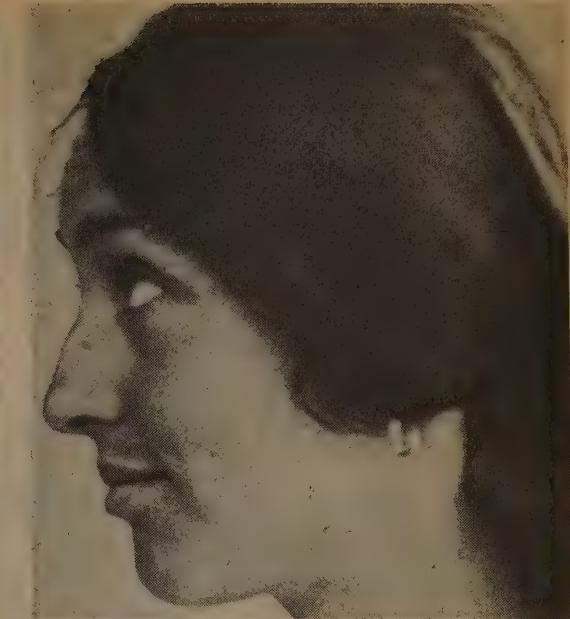
*Eric Clapton* invited me to his birthday party, which was well-attended by many show-biz folk. Among the guests were *Frank Zappa* and several *Mothers*, *Zal Yanovsky*, *Felix Pappalardi* and *Gail*, *Rascal* manager *Sid Bernstein*, hip young comedian *Larry Hankin* and, naturally, Person Belgrade. . . . This month's gold records for LP sales of over \$1,000,000 include "Are You Experienced" - *The Jimi Hendrix Experience*; "The Byrds Greatest Hits," "John Wesley Harding," *Bob Dylan* and "Bookends" - *Simon & Garfunkel*. The million-selling singles include *Aretha Franklin's* "Since You've Been Gone," her 5th; "Young Girl," the *Union Gap*, their second; and "Simon Says," *1910 Fruitgum Co.*, their first. . . . Meanwhile, the *Four Seasons* sent all 10 of their gold record awards, which contain about \$80 to \$100 worth of gold each, to President Johnson to help ease the gold drain. . . . A biography of the *Beatles* will be published simultaneously in America, England and Germany on Sept. 30. . . . The hit of the recent New York Auto Show was *John Lennon's* psychedelic painted Rolls Royce which is kept in New York for use by any of the *Beatles* if they're in this country and in need of a car. . . . *Muddy Waters* will take his Chicago blues to Europe and Africa on a State Department-sponsored tour this July. . . . Old rock and roll is big in England. Artists from the 1950's like *Bill Hayley & The Comets*, *Little Richard*, *Buddy Holly & Fats Domino* are enjoying renewed popularity. . . . Bill Graham's new Fillmore East theatre has been giving New York City audiences an incredible weekly program of top talent. Recent bills have featured the *Doors* (who drew 10,000 people in four performances); the *Butterfield Blues Band*, the *Charles Lloyd Quartet* and *Tom Rush*; the *Mothers* and the *James Cotton Blues Band*; *Traffic*, *Blue Cheer* and *Iron Butterfly*; and *Jefferson Airplane* and the *Crazy World of Arthur Brown*. The excellent *Joshua Light Show* is there every week. . . . The *Cheetah* discotheque in New York has moved from Broadway and 53rd St. to West 52nd St. near 8th Ave. The new site is as huge and noisy as the original. . . . The *Who* recorded their first live album at Fillmore East in New York. . . . Country singer *Eddy Arnold* has become the fourth performer in recording history to sell 50 million records. The others are *Bing Crosby*, *Elvis Presley* and the *Beatles*. . . . Folk blues singer *Dave Van Ronk*, after many years as a solo act, formed a rock group, the *Hudson Dusters*, a year ago and they recorded an album but now they've broken up and *Dave* is going solo again, which must prove something. . . . The *Smothers Brothers* show was dropped after 13 weeks on British TV because of poor ratings. It was replaced with *Andy Williams Show* reruns. . . . *Alan Burke*, the caustic TV interviewer - interrogator seems more appropriate - was actually warm-hearted when *James Brown* appeared on his show with some very straight talk about soul and how he rose from poverty to become a millionaire. *James* offered two slogans for the summer: Don't Burn, Give the Kids A Chance To Learn and Don't Terrorize, Organize. . . . *Chad Stuart*, of *Chad and Jeremy*, will compose the score



The Hollies



Tim Rose



Joan Baez



Frank Zappa

for "Three In The Attic," an American International film about two girls who hold a young man a "prisoner of love"....*Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Watts* have a new baby daughter....A new club, Generation, has opened in Greenwich Village. Artists performing at the press opening, which lasted until 5 A.M., were *Big Brother and the Holding Co.*, *B.B. King*, *Joni Mitchell*, *Buddy Guy*, *Jimi Hendrix* and a jam session that included *Paul Butterfield*, *Elvin Bishop* and *B.B. King*. Wow. Everyone had a very nice time.....

.....*Al Kooper* has left *Blood, Sweat & Tears* because of internal dissent. He'll probably produce records in New York. *Dick Halligan*, BS&T's trombone player, is now the organist and a new trombone player has been brought in. For three days, while the band was searching for a vocalist to replace Al, *Laura Nyro* sat with them. I'll tell you more next month....The *Plum Beach Incident*, a very pretty set of twin girls and five guys from Washington D.C. have a very nice record titled "Summer Love".....*Donovan* has written a movie script and music score for a "fairy tale musical." He wants *Paul McCartney* to play the role of a court minstrel. That's nice.....When a dozen or more musicians show up for an opening night it means that the World's Newest Wonder Group is about to be heard. The largest gathering of pop musicians I've ever seen at a press party was in evidence for *Traffic's* first New York appearance at Steve Paul's The Scene. *Rascal Gene Cornish*, *Noel Redding* of the *Jimi Hendrix Experience*, *Yardbird Jimmy Page*, *Steve Wallmsley* of the *Lemon Pipers*, *Eddie Hardin* of the *Spencer Davis Group* (who replaced *Stevie Winwood* in the SDG), *Steve Katz*

of *Blood Sweat & Tears*, *Lord Sutch*, several assorted members of the *McCoys*, *Every Mother's Son* and *Clear Light*, lots of press agents, record company people and even *Lorey Sebastian's* cousin *Harriet* was there. *Traffic* performed four incredible songs with *Stevie Winwood* alternating on guitar and organ, *Chris Wood* playing bass, saxophone and flute and *Jim Capaldi* on drums. The three musicians produced a full and beautiful sound....*Traffic's* debut album, "Mr. Fantasy" on United Artists, is the best album I've heard this year. Unlike many of today's undisciplined albums from don't-know-when-to-stop groups like the *Vanilla Fudge*, *Rolling Stones* and often even the *Airplane*, *Hendrix* and the *Doors*, every track on the *Traffic* LP is arranged with a tight, original and appropriate blend of instruments and voices. Some tracks are four or five minutes long with impeccable solos that never tax a listener's endurance. There's an exotic tapestry of sounds on "Coloured Rain," and "Dealer;" insanely stomping funky-jazz-soul-blues organ, flute and guitar on "Giving To You;" a beautifully emotional vocal backed by lush strings, harpsichord and flute on "No Face, No Name And No Number;" and an abundance of imagination and soul throughout the entire album. *Dave Mason*, who's left the group, contributes to most of the tracks. *Traffic* makes at least 98% of all the other rock groups sound like amateurs....Now go out and play the *Traffic*....*Jerry Corbitt* has left the *Youngbloods*....*Zal Yanovsky*, ex-Spoonfuller, recently married his long time girlfriend *Jackie*. She will appear in a Canadian film called "The Ernie Game" with music by *Leonard Cohen* and the *Kensington Market* a new group being produced by *Felix Pappalardi*.

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#### BANSHEE SPEAKER

Atlas Sound, a division of American Trading and Production Corporation, has developed a new speaker horn, the CJ-125 Banshee, which is specially designed to lift the sound levels of rock group vocals above that of the accompanying thump-thump provided by instrument amplifiers.

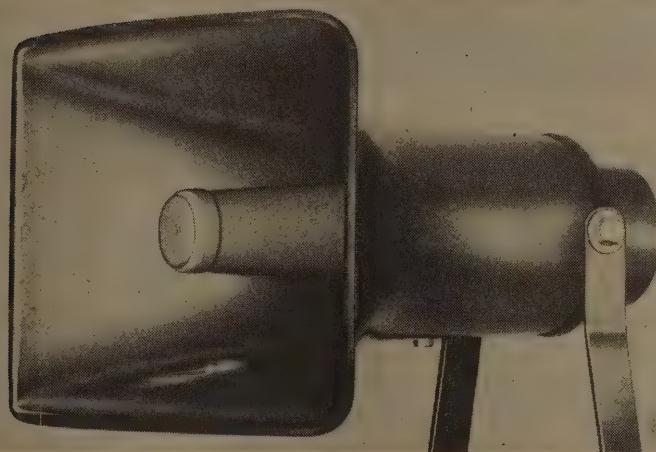
Designed by noted Atlas Sound engineer, Fred Seebinger, the Banshee sprays out the vocals with 125 watts of peak power. Sound dispersion and fidelity characteristics are excellent, according to the manufacturer.

The Banshee, a cobra-flare horn, is fabricated of unbreakable fibreglass in jet black with a vibrant red re-entrant assembly. Weighing 20 pounds, the Banshee measures 23" wide, 13" high and 19" deep. In order to elevate the sound above the heads of the crowd Atlas Sound recommends use of a speaker stand with the Banshee; for that purpose, Atlas Sound makes two speaker stands, both with unique "easy-off" adaptor which permits instant removal of the Banshee.

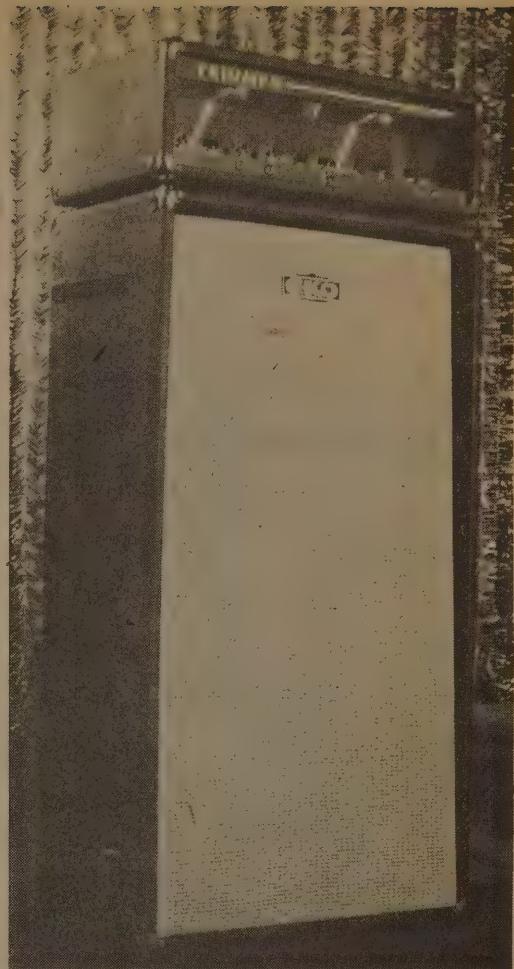
Response of the powerful horn is 100-12,000 cps, with sound intensity at an incredible 131db. Impedance, to match any standard P.A. system or guitar amplifier, is 16 ohms. The Banshee has a built-in, pre-wired phone jack so that no



RMI—ELECTRONIC PORTABLE PIANO



BANSHEE SPEAKER



EKO/TRIUMPH AMPLIFIER

wiring or soldering to the speaker is ever necessary. The user simply inserts a speaker cable with a two-conductor phone plug; then he's ready to blast off.

The Banshee, now available at major electronics and music stores, carries a suggested retail price of \$121. The SS-4 speaker stand lists for \$25, and the SS-2 for \$48.

#### RMI—ELECTRONIC PORTABLE PIANO

The RMI-Electra-Piano and Harpsichord, the first and only all-electronic portable piano, is the latest sound idea from Rocky Mount Instruments, Inc.

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modern, self-contained legs. It also has a 61 note keyboard and expression-sustain pedal.

#### EKO/TRIUMPH AMPLIFIER

If your bag is in the "English Sound," you'll want to look into a great new line of EKO/Triumph amps now being introduced by Lo Duca Bros. Musical Instruments, Inc., of Milwaukee.

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EKO/Triumph speaker cabinets are available with either 4-12" EKO, Good-

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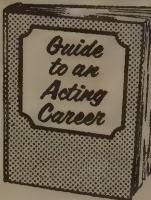
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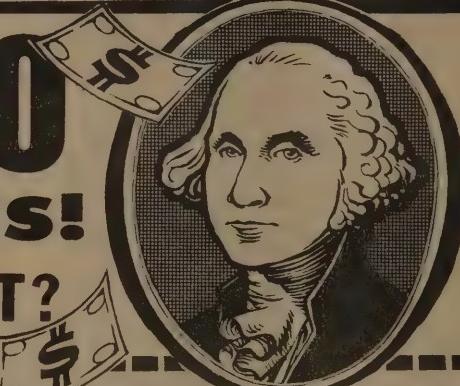
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# A Few Good Words For SOPWITH CAMEL



A disturbing trend of careless disregard is crying out for vigorous correction. Cheetah dismisses them as "camp rock," American Record Guide finds them cutely commercial, High Fidelity says they "tried and died," and the omnipresent Nat Hentoff calls them modern Noel Cowards. All rubbish. There must be *someone* who has really listened to The Sopwith Camel.

Hit Parader praised their album briefly, but then saw fit to apologize for a certain "quaint old-timeyness." The straw has been thrown on The Camel's back. Now is the time to speak for one of the most misunderstood, underrated, and poorly promoted groups extant.

First off, most people work at a disadvantage concerning appreciation of The Camel because they haven't seen them live. Live rock virtually demands attention, thus it isn't quite so easy to turn out a half-baked judgment. As with all the finest bands, their in-person performances are stronger, longer, and more diverse than their recorded ones. They are Musicians. But what makes them special is an uncommonly genuine group personality: smiling, friendly, personal. They don't have an "act." You don't feel like They're Up There

and you're down here.

Ay, and there's the rub. Such things are unfashionable. The "thing" is to trip out. Or furrow our brows over "serious" rock. Mind you, The Doors knock me out—I even "like" most of their lyrics—and the various musical-electronic experiments happening have diverted my long-standing love affair with jazz. But many listeners now tend to gloss over music that doesn't instantly boggle their nervous systems—to the exclusion of such as The Sopwith Camel.

Modern esthetic criteria seem to dictate that great art music overwhelm and startle the senses or explore and exhume the darker reaches of the psyche. It has to *do* something; it can't merely *be* something. These prevailing winds might lead me to whine a backdoor apology such as: "Isn't there room for a group that creates happy, affirmative, direct music?" I might cop out. But I don't have to. The Sopwith Camel are *there*, original and beautiful, different from, but equal to, the more obviously ambitious.

Their album is an adequate, but hardly definitive, example of their talent. It has the usual quota of production faults that plague debut al-

bums. The playing time is far too short—"OK, guys, you've got twenty-six minutes; do your thing." And, of course, it would never do to divulge any pertinent information about the group and the music. In addition, The Camel's witty, faintly satirical side—roughly the "Hello, Hello" genre—is a trifle overrepresented, indicative of the record company's dollar sign eyes. There is nothing wrong with this, exactly, but it undoubtedly contributes to the mistaken impressions of many critics and listeners. All told, though, the album gives us wonderful stuff.

A record review this isn't, but I will note the following: The Camel demonstrate that they can make the Spoonful sound uptight, that they can fashion "classical rock" as convincingly as Protocol Harum, and that they can stomp with the likes of Chuck Berry. Among other things. In short, they have the talent and maturity to play anything they want, play it well, and have it come out Sopwith Camel. So, ignore what you might have heard about The Camel, ignore the freaks and boppers, and just listen. Because if you listen, you will Hear. And be rewarded. □

michael l. sugg

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## GEORGE MARTIN ABOUT THE BEATLES

(continued from page 39)

not all that coherent. I had to translate their ideas into physical terms so that if they wanted an orchestral sound, it was up to me to provide it for them."

Generally speaking, John, Paul or George will play certain figures for Martin to score, but he then has to imagine the type of overall sound they require. He cited 'Being For the Benefit of Mr. Kite,' which was very much John's song. "In the middle he wanted a fairly long section to be non-vocal and sound like a fairground organ. I said 'like a caliope?' and he said 'well, I don't really want it to sound like that, I want it to be more magical than that, a bit weird' and he left me to do it! In fact, we used Hammond organ at various speeds and also a mixture of other tapes, sort of electronic sounds which got the effect I think he wanted. He still isn't delirious about it, but then he'd never be completely satisfied."

John's response was typical for although the Beatles are usually as pleased with the arrangements Martin provides as they are with their own ideas, they are never completely satisfied. "Even with stuff they do themselves," said Martin. "In fact, particularly with their own things. John will say to me 'for God's sake, can't you change the sound of my voice? I hate it,' and I say 'well, I like your voice, John.' But he'll still say 'oh, do something, take the bass out of it or put some kind of echo on.' They always think there's something beyond, something better."

According to Martin, there are no hard and fast rules about what happens on a typical Beatles session. "Sometimes they come in with a snatch of a song that isn't even completed and they don't know what they're going to do with it, so they toss it around and try it various ways and then toss it overboard. Other times they come with a complete song and a complete idea in their heads of what they're going to do with it."

The 'Sergeant Pepper' album certainly does not fall into that latter category; it took four months to record. It's hardly surprising that Martin has relinquished most of the 37 artists he once recorded in a year when he had a number one hit single almost every week. Today, the Beatles are almost a fulltime job as far as he's concerned. In discussing the 'Pepper' album, he pointed up this situation: "Take 'A Day In The Life,' for example. That was terribly chaotic and undisciplined, until it finally became what it became. They didn't know what they were going to put into it and it was actually two songs joined together.

"Originally it was John's song — the opening — but he was stuck for a middle bit when Paul said 'I've got another song that I'm working on, shall we use that?' It was cannibalization really, because the middle bit — 'got up, got out of bed...' is another song. What they actually did was to record John's main bit, then 24 bars of rhythm on a certain previously worked out chord sequence, Paul's middle bit

and the end bit of the song again and another 24 bars. They didn't know what they wanted in the 24 bars except that they wanted an enormous sound. 'A symphony orchestra,' they said, so I said 'fine, but how're you going to go about telling them what notes to play?' and they said 'we'll just tell 'em.' I said 'It'll take you ages.' Eventually they agreed that it would have to be scored, but they didn't really like the idea of scoring, they wanted it to be off the cuff. In fact I didn't know what it was going to sound like and then they had the idea of making this tremendous climax thing."

Although Martin is in his late thirties, he and the Beatles are very close. Their most recent single 'Lady Madonna' was, in fact, worked out by Paul on the producer's own grand piano, and he is a regular visitor to every Beatle home. He is perhaps better qualified than anyone to sum up their individual personalities. "The significant thing about them is that they are very unified," he stressed. "The four of them are really one person, almost, and I suppose that their background has made them like this. In other words, when they're together, it's them defending their own parts against everybody. Except for Ringo, they've been friends since their teens. George, in fact, since he was fourteen — and this makes for a kind of unity you don't find in the other groups. Their early lives, of course, were fairly rough. Their background wasn't all that great. You know, people said that they were the educated group and cited their exam successes, but in actual fact their educations were pretty awful.

"Individually, they're quite different. If I'm at home with Ringo and Maureen, he's quite different to how he is when he's with the other three. Similarly with the others, John is the deep thinker and the quiet one, really. People have been upset by his cynical outlook on life, but he's a terribly genuine person, a marvellous fellow. He'd hate me saying this, but he is!"

"George is the most practical, down-to-earth bloke. He's the person who can probably do things with the car or mend a radio set whereas John would be hopeless. He's also very aware of money, much more so than the others. Paul is outwardly the 'goodie'. He's the one who puts on the good face to everyone so that everyone likes Paul, but Ringo is the person who was really the catalyst of the group. He's the person who outwardly has the least talent because he doesn't write, and musically, you could be cruel and say he's just a drummer. But of course he's much more than that. He was the guy who really cemented the four together. Whenever there's an argument going, he always keeps out of it until the last moment when he shoves in one little sentence which sort of crystallizes the whole thing. He's a very natural bloke and because of this, I think he's very talented from an acting point of view. I think he's got a great future in films." □  
 Valerie Wilmer (Latest album/Magical Mystery Tour - Capitol)

## THE CREAM

(continued from page 16)

but we're not too happy with them. We want to get more of ourselves playing different instruments.

Ginger: We're doing all our own instruments. Jack's playing piano on quite a few things.

HP: Have you ever tried to play electric bass with a bow?

Jack: I've bowed an upright bass but I've never bowed an electric bass. You'd need a different kind of bridge. It would be better to bow an acoustic bass because it has better vibrations. I might play an upright on stuff but I hope to play some piano on stage too.

HP: What else do you play, Ginger?

Ginger: I play tympani and glockenspiel and almost all of the percussion instruments. I can play vibes too. I'll be putting some of those things on our album. It's going to be very different.

HP: Are you getting more involved with songwriting?

Jack: The songwriting potential of this group is tremendous. This album will probably be all original songs. Although I was the only one who wrote in the beginning, Ginger and Eric are doing some great things now. Probably the only song on the new album not written by us will be an old blues called "Sittin' On Top Of The World." However, the arrangement on that will be our own.

Ginger: So far we've got six tracks finished for this album.

Jack: We have six songs completed but we don't know if we'll put them all in the album. We'll just keep recording as long as we have time and pick the tunes we like best for the album. We don't

have a particular release date yet. A lot depends on how well the live performance works out.

Ginger: We're trying to release three albums a year.

Jack: We don't record an awful lot because we like to go and play for the people.

HP: Was Cream and the Jimi Hendrix Experience aware of the similarities between the two bands? Did you both know of each other in the beginning?

Jack: When Jimi first came to England, we had already formed the Cream. Jimi came down and sat in with us one night in London. Shortly after that he formed his own group. Possibly he got the idea from sitting in with us. I dig him very much. But I don't think he's really himself yet. In time he'll find his own music. He does get into it from time to time.

Ginger: He bugs me a little bit with all his showmanship. Now maybe I'm an old man but to me Jimi gets carried away. Actually I wouldn't like my kids to watch him perform. He's a great guitar player but he pushes his act too far.

HP: Have you heard Blue Cheer yet?

Jack: It's nice to know that people are learning from us. A new group has to start somewhere.

HP: Are you still using Marshall equipment?

Jack: We still use Marshall amps for our guitars. But, now we use a Swedish PA system which is amazing. A lot of other English groups like Traffic and the Who are using them now. It's more advanced than anything we've heard. I wish they'd get into guitar amplification. Marshall is good but they could be better. □ *jim delehan* (continued next issue)



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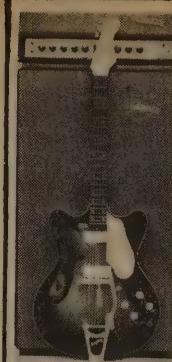
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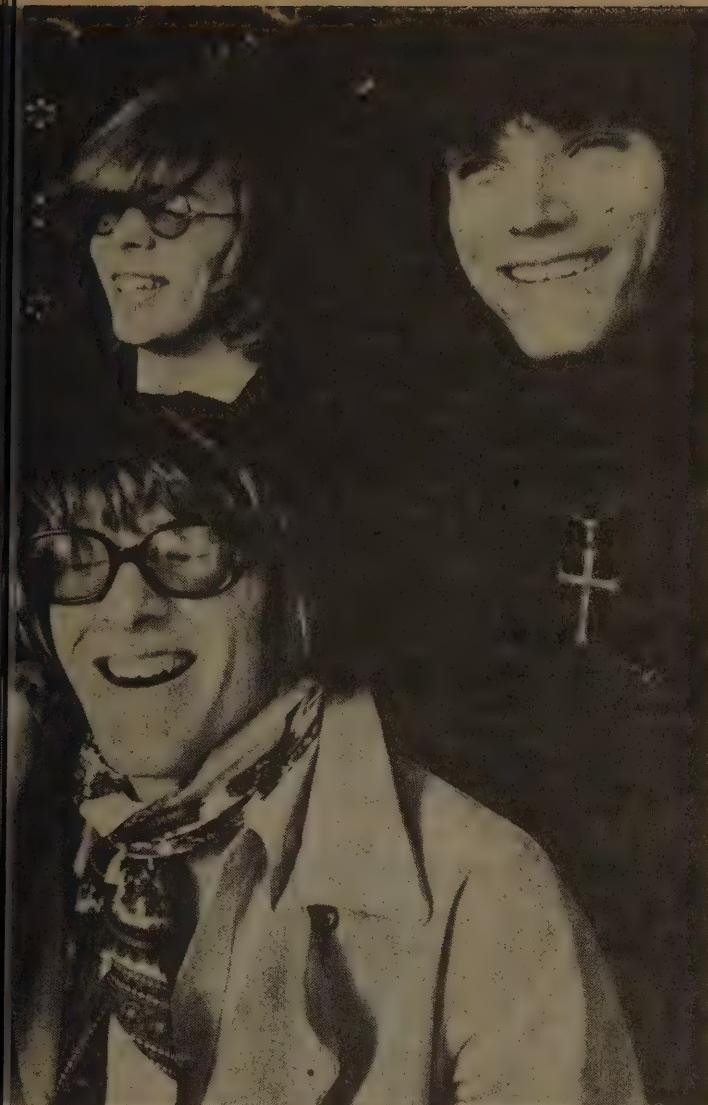
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#### JEFFERSON AIRPLANE

(continued from page 27)

Spencer: Tell people in your article to listen to the album loud on good equipment.

This begins a discussion of the group's sound problems in recording and an analysis of albums of other groups.

Paul: The English people are the only ones who ever put long sides on and made it sound good.

Spencer: Love did it, man, they got 21 minutes on one side and 19 on the other and the clarity is beautiful.

Jack: Yeah, but there's not that much going on.

Spencer: That is true.

Jack: I've listened to the Love album. If we're going to put all the stuff that we're going to have to...

Spencer: You can't put all that stuff on and have it come out. (Confused babble of disagreement.)

Paul: If the Beatles can put

"A Day in the Life" on a record and all that stuff clear as well as the stuff...

Spencer: There's nothing going on in "A Day in the Life."

Grace: You're right, that one really isn't as full as some of theirs.

Paul: "I Am the Walrus."

Jack: "Walrus" was the first one that sounds horrible on the radio.

Paul: I don't think so.

Grace: It's not that bad for the amount of stuff that's going on.

Spencer: The thing is, they're doing it at a low level, a low volume. When they rap with all those voices and all those different levels, it's all very well controlled. We scream in the studio.

Jack: The bass player is going thump, thump, thump, thump. I play a different kind of bass that fills up more sound. There's not a 12-string going blam, blam, blam, there's not a feedback guitar that's going through every track. That makes a big difference. As long as you fill up that much sound in there, you're not going to hear it. It's not going to be clear.

Paul: We should give a set of headphones away with each album.

Spencer: Right. Jack and Jorma, most notably, do not play like Bill Wyman and Keith Richard with that clean studio tone. Jack roars and Jorma roars, Paul clangs. There's a huge big thing going on. I don't care how big a booth you put around your singer, you're gonna have all that stuff feeding into that mike and you're not gonna get clarity of sound. We don't have much luck with singles. We can't pick them. Some people played the cuts of "Surrealistic Pillow" on the stations and the kids heard it, picked up on it, the nation focused on San Francisco, we were the first band in San Francisco of that scene to record, so it was one of those luck-out things. I would like to reach people through singles because I think we can do it.

H.P.: What is the current San Francisco musical scene like?

Spencer: There's more going on now. I don't know if it's getting around as much. It used to be pretty centrally located, you'd go to three places, the Matrix, the Avalon or the Fillmore. Now it's sort of spread out. The Straight Theatre finally opened after two years, there's a place at the Print Mill. They're doing more film things now, they're opening that up, there's many more light shows than there ever were. I think that because of this huge big thing last year,

people just sort of retired. They're still doing it, they're just maybe not making a concerted effort.

Marty: I disagree. I think they're still doing it, but the national recognition has gotten so used to it that nobody pays that much attention.

Spencer: Yeah. Well, that's basically what I'm saying. It was a scene giving birth, man. Now that a kid's two years old, you don't make such a big deal of it.

Paul: The whole Haight Street thing basically fell apart and failed, but I'd really like to see about 4,000 more things fail like that.

H.P.: Is the Jefferson Airplane consciously moving in any direction as a group?

Paul: We're not conscious of anything.

Jack: Are we consciously?

Paul: No, there's no conscious. You write a tune and that's where you are that day.

You do an interview and that's where you are that day, bent and hooked enough to listen to "After Bathing at Baxter's" loud through earphones. Spencer is right. Much better. Some of their quotes read better through a glass of water. In a bright light.

Lead guitarist Jorma Kaukonen may be the smartest member of the group. He spent the cloudy Los Angeles afternoon cruising around in his car, his mind free from the tangled hexagons spinning inside a cloudy room.

After the interview, the group began work on their next album, which will be called "Greasy Heart" after the Grace Slick song which has been released as a single. Other tunes include Jorma's debut as a singer in a Dylan-flavored song, three numbers by Marty, among them "Share a Little Joke With the World," the flip side of their last single, an improvisational percussion number by Spencer and (possibly) a song written by David Crosby called "Triad."

When "Greasy Heart" was issued as a single, the sextet made a promotional film which may be expanded into a one-hour television special built around the new album. In August, they will undertake their first European tour, with the Doors. Before that they may appear in another film, "Amatibha," directed by Conrad Rooks, who made "Chappaqua." The Airplane were asked to portray a futuristic rock group. □ pete johnson (Latest album/After Bathing At Baxter's - RCA Victor)



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## BORN IN CHICAGO

(continued from page 19)

less traditional patterns used in a standard order, Little Walter brought a real spirit of improvisation into the music, which became more and more prominent as time went on.

There are a number of records Muddy made with Walter where the guitar and harp are equally up front, around 1950-51. Three great ones are on LP-1427: "Long Distance Call," "Louisiana Blues" and "She Moves Me." Equally fantastic is one Muddy and Walter made backing up singer Baby Face Leroy on another label—"Rollin' and Tumblin'," now available on Blues Classics BC-8. "Chicago Blues." Cream's version of this song (on "Fresh Cream") is modelled very closely after this record.

Over the next few years Muddy built a recording band around Little Walter, and this band became the apotheosis of the whole Chi-blues scene, and the first basic model for Butterfield, Canned Heat and most of today's other bluesbands. Between 1952 and 1954 the following modifications took place in Muddy's recorded sound: drums were added; Muddy stopped playing bottleneck, hired another guitar player and concentrated on his singing; and Otis Spann, Muddy's half-brother, joined the group on piano. Aside from Little Walter, Spann was and is the most important of Muddy's sidemen. It was his coming that changed Muddy's down-home trio into a band. All these developments can be heard on LP-1427, through the following cuts (listed here in the order they were recorded in): "Standing Around Crying," "I Want You To Love Me," "Hoochie Coochie," "I Just Want To Make Love To You," and "I'm Ready." The addition of a bass on "I Just Want . . ." which was Muddy's top seller, gives the group a really fat, commanding sound, however the bass did not join on a regular basis until later.

These sides, along with "Manish Boy," "Just To Be With You," and "Forty Days and Forty Nights" (recorded 1955-56, reissued on LP-1501) and many other great ones that haven't made it to LP, represent Muddy's group at the peak of its power, and the Chicago blues at its classic best.

Meanwhile Little Walter made a big name for himself with his own group. Often his records, made with two guitars and drums, outsold Muddy's.

"Juke" was nothing but a three-minute harmonica jam, but it made #1 on Billboard's R&B charts — a rare feat indeed for the blues. "Sad Hours," "Blue Light" and especially "Roller Coaster" were more virtuosic performances on harp, while "Can't Hold On Much Longer," "You're So Fine" and "Last Night" displayed his plain but

appealing vocal style. In 1955 Walter had another big seller with a song Willie Dixon (bass player and A&R man for many of the greatest Chess-Checker sessions) wrote for him—"My Babe." It became a rock standard with several later recordings. Much of Little Walter's best work with his own group is on a Chess LP, "The Best of Little Walter."

By the early 1950's some other artists were making themselves heard and heard well. First on the list would come Chester Burnett, the Howlin' Wolf. Wolf came from a Mississippi background much like Muddy's, and he too learned to sing and play the bottleneck Delta blues as a young man. A more primitive, less sophisticated musician than Muddy, Wolf has had an uneven career on records, with many sides dragged down by inept sidemen and tedious songs and arrangements. But when he really gets it on he is the strongest singer on the whole scene. He gets it on Chess LP-1434, "Moanin' in the Moonlight." Several cuts on this album, notably "Moanin' at Midnight" (recorded c. 1951) and "Smoke Stack Lightnin'" (1956) are incredible pieces in which vocal lines derived from ancient field-hollers are sung against a background which repeats the same riffs over and over, with no chord changes. These hollers are even older than the blues, yet Wolf's music has a most electric sound, and the combination works like it had always been that way. Some more good work of the Wolf falls into a later period of Chicago history that we'll get into.

The late Elmore James' style and career paralleled Wolf's in many ways. His first record - cut in Mississippi about 1952 - was "Dust My Broom." Taking a Robert Johnson song, Elmore stuck very close to the lyrics, vocal and guitar lines of the original 1936 record, but propelled what was one of Johnson's quieter songs into a hard-driving shuffle. This record (available on Blues Classics BC-5) made Elmore famous, and he continued his career working for several different labels, with the same uneven results Wolf had. Some of his best were made just before his death in 1960, and have been reissued on the Enjoy and Sphere-Sound labels (and on Sue in Europe). Though famed nowadays as the legendary slide-guitar man, he was really much more outstanding as a singer.

Yet another big name is Jimmy Reed. This singer, guitarist and harp player began recording in 1953 and is still layin' 'em down. Less strongly rooted in the old blues than Wolf or Muddy, Reed's music is simple and limited. But his unmistakable, oft-imitated voice, which can be very expressive, and perhaps his very simplicity made him an almost immediate success. In the

1950's he was the best seller of all the Chi-bluesmen. He has made a dozen or so sides that rank with the very best—"You Don't Have To Go," "Ain't That Lovin' You Baby" and "You Got Me Crying" among them—but many of his records, especially the recent ones, are dull and repetitive.

Elmore James, Muddy, Walter, Jimmy Reed, Wolf — these were the greatest on the Chicago scene in the 1950's. All of the major aspects of the style can be heard in their work. But many of the lesser-known singers and musicians had a lot to say. J.B. Hutto, Homesick James, Junior Wells, Snooky Pryor, Robert Nighthawk, Little Willis Foster, and John Brim — great artists all. Fine cuts by all of them, plus the Baby Face Leroy "Rollin' and Tumblin,'" are on Blues Classics BC-8. It's no surprise that many of the original 78's and 45's reissued on this album — and the hundreds of others that haven't been reissued — are drawing very high bids on the international rare record auctions.

To be expected, the great sounds coming from Chicago had repercussions elsewhere. You could hear local musicians doing Chicago-inspired things in Detroit, Los Angeles, and a whole raft of other places. But most of all in the South, which was the greatest market for Chicago records. The late Sonny Boy Williamson, a generation older than Wolf and Muddy, was a brilliant harp player and a deeply moving singer. His music had more in common with the blues of the 1930's — especially the other singer-harp man of the same name who was murdered in 1948 — than with the screaming sound of electric Chicago. But many of his best records were made in Chicago with the local sidemen. There are several fine LP's of his work.

In Crowley, Louisiana, a veteran "record man," J.D. Miller, produced a long series of blues sessions in a simpler, lazier version of the Chi-blues style. Most of the tapes were leased to Excello Records of Nashville. His outstanding artist was Lightnin' Slim, who was at his best doing "New Orleans Bound," "Rock Me Mama," "Mean Old Lonesome Train," "I'm Grown" and "Goin' Home." Also in the Miller stable were Arthur Gunter, Lazy Lester (a fine harp player), Silas Hogan, Lonesome Sundown and Little Al.

As the Chicago sounds had repercussions elsewhere, there came the day when sounds from elsewhere had repercussions in Chicago. In Memphis, in 1952, a young disc-jockey turned blues singer and guitar player recorded a beautiful slow blues, using horns in the back-up band. His singing came from gospel tradition more than from the Delta blues. His guitar playing broke away completely from the

old ways of playing blues, into a new thing that took techniques from a huge selection of the whole world's guitar music, and made sweet, simple blues out of them. His name was B.B. King, and though denounced by certain purists he soon captured the loyalty of the nationwide Negro audience to an extent that Muddy had never even approached.

By 1959 most of the younger bluesmen, even in Chicago, were using B.B. rather than Muddy for a model. Two singer-guitarists stand out especially: Otis Rush and Buddy Guy. The singles that represent these two at their best — Rush on Cobra, Guy on Chess — are not easy to find, and they have appeared on LP only in Cadet's five-volume "The Blues" series, one at a time. But it's worth some hunting to hear those blues, close to BB's but with a certain hard guttiness that seems to grow only by the side of Lake Michigan. Vanguard Records has however done a fair bit of recording in Chicago in the last couple of years, and there is a three-LP anthology called "Chicago - The Blues Today," plus individual LP's by Guy and (soon) Rush. Sometimes the recordings betray Vanguard's inexperience in recording electric blues; the guttiness tends to be softened a bit. But the music is there, and the three-LP set also contains some fine blues in the classic early- and mid-50's Chicago bag. Johnny Shines, who travelled around the country with Robert Johnson before settling in Chicago, is a real standout on bottleneck guitar. Then there is a superb Howlin' Wolf album, called simply "Howlin' Wolf" and identified by a picture of a rocking chair on the cover (Chess LP-1469). This album features the new-styled guitar playing of Hubert Sumlin, Buddy Guy and Freddy King along with the Wolf's titanic vocalizing. Here is the original "Spoonful" (later featured by Cream) as well as the primeval "Little Red Rooster" and many others equally worthy. As a bonus, "Down in the Bottom" (a version of "Rollin' and Tumblin'") features the best available recording of Wolf's own bottleneck work. The blend of new and old makes up one of the greatest of all blues albums.

Not so much can be said of some of Muddy's recent work. In his efforts to please and profit from his new white audience, he has fathered some rather atrocious put-ons ("Muddy Waters-Folk Singer" and "The Super Blues Band"). But his previous stature certainly remains undimmed. Some other recent LP's which more convincingly evoke the Chicago sound at its height are "Pure Cotton" by James Cotton (Verve-Forecast FTS-3038) and "Johnny Young and his Chicago Blues Band" (Arhoolie F1029), this one also featuring Cotton's fine harmonica playing. □ barrett hansen

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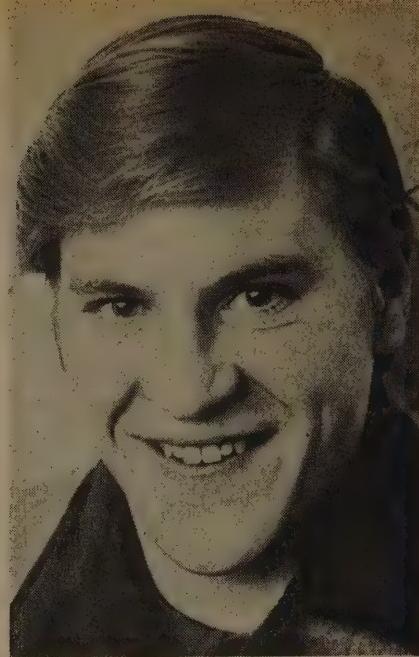


## my favorite records

by Alan Price

Ray Charles' *What'd I Say?* is probably the most important for me. I bought the single first of all and that really knocked me out and so when I got the LP he proved he wasn't just a flash in the pan. Ray Charles was IT for me. I knew the words of all his songs and used to play them over and over all the time.

Two jazz people are a must and they're Charlie Mingus and Thelonious Monk. I'd have Mingus' *Mingus-Ah-Um* because of those ridiculous things like *Better Git It In Your Soul* and *Goodbye Pork-Pie Hat*. Hearing Mingus was the first time I'd come across anything like free-form jazz with the difference that he was doing it



back in the early 1950's. I went up to some lad's house and he played *Better Git It* and it just knocked me flat!

Thelonious Monk - I like anything he's ever done. You don't have to be a jazz fan or like piano things to dig him. Just the way he bends things, there's so much humour in it. He swings so much, too. There's a kind of "nutty" thing I like about Monk. I'd choose his *Criss-Cross* LP.

And then the Beatles because they're the only people who are doing the thing that everyone else has been trying to do for years. They are the only ones who have succeeded. Make that Revolver, not just because of this record, though, it's just the one I have to choose for now.



by Kenny Rankin

The first album by the Swingle Singers is a knock out. It was a brand new approach to the music of Bach. Then there's the comedy album by Flip Wilson on At-

lantic. That's for people who like to laugh. It's hard to review a comedian. Either he's funny or he's not funny. Wilson is very, very funny.

Then there's "Collaboration" by the Modern Jazz Quartet. When it first came out, I heard a cut from it called "Sketches of Spain." It's the same thing that Miles Davis did. But the MJQ do it beautifully. The classical guitarist, Laurendo Aleda, played on it too. It's a classical Spanish piece composed by Rodrigo.

Then I like "The Duster" by Gary Burton on RCA Victor. My favorite piece on it is "General Mojo's Well Laid Plan" written by the bass player, Steve Swallow. It's a very beautiful piece of music. Larry Coryell plays these beautifully West Texas accented fills. He's out of sight.

Laura Nyro's first album is incredible. I love every single song on it. She wrote, played and sang everything. She's a great, great lady. In a couple of years this girl will be a monster. My last choice is all of the Beatles' albums.



WES MONTGOMERY Talks to Jim Delehant

A lot of people say jazz is dying but I've run into many young people who are playing jazz. There's a lot of good young talent coming up like the guitarist George Benson. In fact, they are learning more in a shorter amount of time than the musicians of my generation. They're getting exposed to much more music than we ever did.

You say that young musicians are going into rock rather than jazz but you're not talking about progression. Rock doesn't make you a musician. Rock is an easy field to go into because you only have to know a few chords to get by. Kids are going into rock because it's easier than jazz. When they decide they want to play, they'll have to spend some time and be serious. These rock kids want to be musicians right away so they take the easy way out. You don't do that when you're talking about development. If you want to be a musician, study classical guitar. It's very, very hard.

Recording songs like "Windy" wasn't my idea. If they left it up to me, I wouldn't touch those songs. I play them but they don't do anything to me. I know it's a commercial market so I'll play them. Personally, these songs are very limited. I have developed certain abilities on my guitar and I don't need any of them to pull off a song like "Windy." If my mind functioned in that vein, I might be a rock guitarist. I don't mind doing those songs as long as I don't fool myself.

Although my audience and commercial potential has increased, they aren't aware of my real abilities. Only another musician could really tell. The ones who do notice a difference, understand it. Saying that jazz will be gigantic again

is like saying, will dixieland come back. Anything can happen in pop music. Right now rock and roll is the thing.

When I was a teenager, all I was interested in was sports and girls. Girls really turned me around. Sometimes I wish I could have put the time I spent with girls into studying music. I was never interested in music at all until one day I heard Charlie Christian play "Solo Flight" with Benny Goodman. I never heard anything like it before. It impressed me so much that I wanted to play like him. Shortly before that I liked to listen to trumpet players. I only enjoyed music because it was a way to dance with the girls. As soon as I heard Christian, I ran out and bought a guitar. I was very disappointed though, because I discovered I couldn't play anything.

I wanted to play so bad, so I listened to Charlie Christian's records over and over and finally I could play all his solos. I didn't know what key they were in or anything like that but I could play them note for note. I figured out chords by playing the runs. I'd fit a chord to a particular line. I was only doing it for my own amusement. I had no thoughts of being a great guitar player. I didn't realize it then but I was developing my own style.

I jammed with lots of bands and got good enough to tour with Lionel Hampton's band for two years. By then I figured I could play a few tunes so I quit in 1950. In '51 my brother Monk was playing bass with Hampton. In that same year he started to play one of the first electric bass guitars.

I never wanted to be a leader but I did get my own band together with my brothers and it turned out to be easier than I thought it was.

I love to listen to horn players, the ones who play definite lines. I like Coltrane, Hank Mobley and Lester Young. I adapt a lot of their things to my guitar playing. Since the Beatles came, everybody thinks they should go in that direction. That's not necessary at all. On the other hand, so-called avant-garde jazz doesn't make it either. Nobody's thinking about the middle.

I don't think avant-garde jazz is popular because it's not paying off. If something is taking over, then it's got to be payed off. The musicians have a right to express their music the way they want. But, that doesn't mean people have to buy it. I couldn't say who the next big jazz musicians will be because there might not be jazz in the next generation. The term jazz is going through a lot of changes. It might even settle back to Dixieland. Who knows. But that doesn't mean anything because you've got to progress, keep going forward. You can't go back. □ (latest album/A Day In The Life- A&M)

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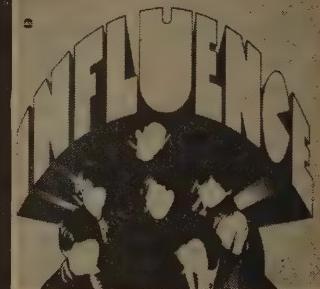
URBAN BLUES by John Lee Hooker is without doubt his finest recording in years, and his intensely personal style is in full bloom surrounded by an excellent rhythm trio plus harp on some tracks. Hooker must be difficult to play with because he has his own finger picking method, shooting off jumbled passages of notes in unconventional rhythms and changes. This might confuse an unsoulful musician but the band just lets it roll and makes Hooker comfortable and confident. There's not one throw-away on the album. He even puts new life into his old standard, "Boom, Boom, Boom." Most of the tunes are medium and up-tempo shuffles like "Mr. Lucky" and "Back Biters And Syndicates." The harp, weaving rhythmically in and out of the interplay, adds marvelous texture. A slow blues, "Hot Spring Water Part I," is a subtle, emotional masterpiece. Hooker's highly original blues performances, including his passionate vocals on this collection have a life of their own and his name should be added beside B. B. King, Wolf, and Waters. (Bluesway BLS-6012)

BOOKENDS is Simon and Garfunkel's fantasy tragedy of Americans "silently sharing the same fear". . . A child sits high upon the edge of a building and the crowd gathers to watch. Waiting for him to jump, the crowd is disappointed as he suddenly flies away. On a bus trip a lover confesses to his sleeping girl that he's "empty and aching and doesn't know why." A married couple faces the despair of lost love but considers the loneliness of parting forever. Youth watches old men sitting on a park bench and wonders "how terribly strange to be seventy." And the Bookends theme which speaks of time stripping us of everything, leaving us only with our memories. A beautiful album. You have all the songs on side two except for a very funny ditty called "Punky's Dilemma." (Columbia KCS 9529)

INFLUENCE is a very strange and interesting collection of satire and put-downs. The music is vicious, almost maddening and Influence laughs at themselves as well as the drop out-tune in set. Youth isn't making it with their parents or suburbia so they choose the hippie alternative. . . "I'm not an artist but I can be sensitive too." Influence doesn't like the alternative either. In "Mad Birds Of Prey," a conglomeration of rock and blues styles, they thumb their noses at the PTA as well as the flower children. "I got a psychedelic baby, she wears LSD perfume" and "If you're going to Pleasantville New Jersey you might get killed in the riots even though you wear flowers in your hair." Best material for rock musical theatre we've heard yet. (ABC S-630)

WOW is exactly what you'll say as each track of this magnificent Moby Grape album unfolds. Lead guitarist Jerry Miller is a bottomless dynamo of taste and versatility. The whole band has an incredible amount of energy and a wild paced shuffle called "Can't Be So Bad" will shake your soul into little pieces. The extra LP called Grape Jams is rather disappointing but there are some good moments. Grape has to be the most exciting band around today. (Columbia CS9613)

BIG MAYBELLE/GABBIN' BLUES is for soul music fans who think soul music started in 1965. Maybelle is one of the greatest soul singers of all time and this collection covers her best OKeh stuff from 1952 to 1955. Forget the things she's done recently with violins. This album contains the greatest rhythm and blues sidemen from the 1950's including Sam the Man Taylor and Mickey Baker. Outstanding tracks are "Gabbin' Blues," "My Country Man," and "My Big Mistake." Her deep, haunting vocals will linger in your mind for days. Don't miss it. (Epic Encore Series EE22012)



## PICTURES I HEAR

(continued from page 35)

and Little Stevie, I could see; but the Rascals have confused youth with immaturity. Another example of immaturity is the Who's "Call Me Lightning." I liked the interesting guitar sound like wooden clog dancing—the Who have a fine grasp of gimmickry; but whenever I hear their singles I feel that they have set out consciously to "create excitement." There are worse motivations than this in popular music, but I sense a lack of musical purity in it; I question the constructivism of their musicianship. Pete Townshend will always have his musical gifts; his attitude toward them has nowhere to go but up.

"Friends" is probably the kind of song the Rascals would like to believe they can write. It is certainly an improvement over the stale fruits of the Beach Boys' "Wild Honey" period. "Friends" is deliciously full sound. The Beach Boys are never guilty like some groups (The Association, for example) of inspired harmonies; the harmonic build of "Friends" is quite inspired and leaves the lyrics lying abandoned somewhere back on the sand. The words wouldn't be too bad, except that the whole idea of these effusive, masculine friendships repels me; it all smacks of Suburban Bowling Night with a couple of beers.

As long as the Beach Boys stay non-verbal, they are following the sublime line.

I know now what Simon and Garfunkel have been doing in the several months since their last record—reinforcing those preposterous English accents (probably by watching old Leslie Howard pictures.) "Song for Mrs. Robinson" is undeniably clever, but it casts further doubt on Paul Simon's artistic integrity; it shows merely that he has assimilated the most recent Beatles mannerisms—but Simon has no insides. "Mrs. Robinson" sounds as though it had been worked and re-worked and re-worked until all spontaneity was wrung from it. Striking his attitudes and posing his poses, Paul Simon has created the 'art-rock' version of "Pleasant Valley Sunday." Who needs it?

The Doors' "Unknown Soldier" froths at the mouth; it is as interesting as decaying turnip with rabies, full of ersatz violence, noise and frustration. The Doors, after a promising start, are beginning to sound like the Vanilla Fudge.

"Ain't No Way (for Me to Love You)" which was composed by Aretha Franklin's younger sister, gives the singer her head—the chance to exhibit her magnificent instrument. I think of Aretha as the Joan Baez of Soul—She doesn't exercise tight enough control over her voice

and often wastes it on inferior or unsuitable material. Mitty Collier was singing in quite the same vein a few years ago—I prefer Mitty (who did a great Ray Charles-influenced album, *Shades of Genius*.) But Mitty Collier may have been a little ahead of the demand for this kind of singing; As a spirituelle, she exceeds Aretha; but her voice—though equal in range—doesn't warble up and down the scales quite as easily as that of Aretha, who has the facility of a Swiss yodeler; this should be an ideal time for a popular re-appearance by Mitty Collier.

I remember that Bobby Goldsboro at one time had a kind of underground reputation as a talented popular songwriter; I'm not sure whether it's that Goldsboro has changed or that we have become more discriminating with time—But if nothing more execrable comes along (of which we have no guarantee), "Honey" should eventually get some kind of citation as 1968's musical low point. I suppose its position in the Top 40 can be explained in terms of the 'suicide mystique' that popularized such things as "Ode to Billie Joe," "Patches" "Last Kiss," "Teen Angel," and "Running Bear and Little White Dove." There is a certain segment of the public that will apparently buy any record so long as it is luridly, aggressively morbid. □

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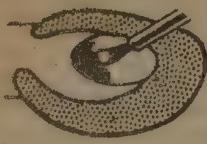
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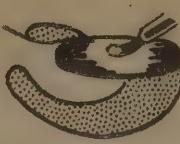
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# new stars on the horizon

## THE CHAMBERS BROTHERS

"It began with a wailing harp. Then came the vocals, 'You can run, but you sure can't hide,' followed by more of that wailing harp. The bass guitar began moving things along. The harp took off and flew. The whole group moves into a big, solid, shaking beat. They slowly floated back to earth, but the beat was still there, and over it soared the harp, now lyrical and gentle. Then a finale of overpowering, crashing sound. . . Thus, one critic, caught up in the spell of the Chambers Brothers, described their appearance at Club 47 in Boston.

The Brothers. . . Willie, George, Lester and Joe Chambers and Brian Keenan. . . have been creating electric earth tremors

in clubs, colleges and concert halls throughout the United States with their explosive blend of gospel, rock and blues sounds. The group writes some of its own material, like the driving "I Can't Stand It" and the compelling "So Tired." The rest of their repertoire is made up of blues standards and popular numbers, which they interpret with vitality and originality. Their talents have won them a large and diversified audience. They have performed for overflowing crowds at the Cheetah clubs coast to coast, the Electric Circus, Apollo Theatre, the Scene and literally every major club and discotheque across the country. In great demand by college and university students, they have played to SRO audiences at Yale, Harvard, and Brandeis Universities. As much at home with folk

audiences as they are with blues enthusiasts, the Brothers were a standout hit when they played at the Big Sur Folk Festival and at the Newport Folk Festival, where they were introduced by Joan Baez.

The Chambers Brothers—with the exception of New York-born Brian Keenan, whom they met in New York where he was playing at Ondine and whom they subsequently hired as their drummer—were born in Mississippi and began singing in church choirs. They made their debut in Lee County's Mount Calvary Baptist Church, where they sang spirituels. George, the eldest of the four, was then seventeen; Willie was eleven; Lister, nine; and Joe, seven. In 1954, the entire Chambers family moved to Los Angeles, and the boys, between odd jobs and school, found time to sing in church groups. Joe recalls their biggest professional break, which occurred when he met Ed Pearl, owner of the Ash Grove. "We began talking, and naturally, we talked about the Brothers. Then he said we should come out and sing for him. That was the first time we ever sang in a club, and we liked it. After that, we took jobs in other clubs."

By this time, popular music had begun to assimilate folk, gospel and blues influences successfully, and it was not long before The Brothers' repertoire reflected this trend. "I had to retire my gut-bucket bass for a Fender electric," George recalls with a smile, "and that was the beginning of the Chambers Brothers as you hear us today."



## WE READ YOUR MAIL

(continued from page 8)

But I'm not writing to praise you, I'm telling you how to improve. You're at the crossroads. You've lost the little girls, who want to know what color sox their idol wears....your articles are just too deep for that, and boring - boring to the little girl readers. You're deeper into what is happening, but you still don't know what is happening, Mr. Jones.

My point is, neither do we. Too many records, too many sensational new groups that may be really nothing, everyone with a psychedelic cover and weird name...nobody is an authority anymore, nobody's with it. Everyone has a record no one else has heard, that everyone else flips over. Everyone is turning his friends onto some new really good group or singer. And everyone is turned off by this or that supposedly great name, that is filling up the pages of the fan magazines, but everyone knows has had it.

The point is - quit following. You can't make it anymore. You can't figure out the business anymore - the disc jockeys, the producers, no one quite knows the answers now. Least of all the writers and singers, who can't explain their own songs. The top 40 is dead, everyone knows it's rigged, we all gamble on unknown albums that look a little honest, than on so and so's greatest hits that never sold the first time around.

It's all over, I hope. The programmed responses....the fan followings....jellybeans and screaming. The other magazines don't know it, yet. You seem to, though.

Look, I'm 27, but these kids of 18-20 are twice as smart as we were in the 50's, when payola and the South Philly studios programmed our tastes. We bought 45's every Saturday at the record store, off the top 40; the kids today buy obscure albums. They have had it, school is tougher, they're smarter, they don't care about even their favorite singer's favorite color or food, let alone anyone else's. There isn't time, the world outside and the music world inside, moves too fast; barely time to re-play a new album or write you a fan letter.

So you have no choice. You will have to lead. You will have to take risks. You will have to run interviews with more obscure artists, run historical articles on important but unknown bluesmen, more articles on "How I Write Songs," since more and more kids are writing and playing. You've got no choice, no matter how many letters you get asking for this or that artist. You will have to decide. Too many artists now, too many more writers, too much chaos. It's exciting, challenging, and scary - if you're making your living off the music scene like you at Charlton Publications.

If you write about Tim

Buckley, I'll write you and curse your taste for forgetting Tim Hardin; how about Bob Lind; someone writes, if you write about Leonard Cohen...and where's Rod McKuen? You're going to please the majority less and less, because there is less and less majority. Everyone's turning on to too many different artists for you to program us any longer, like the other magazines still do.

You'll have to take risks on unknown artists, risk offending die-hards by omitting their favorite group for a month or two while giving a new one some space just to see it fold. Take these risks.

You've lost the teeny girls and idolizing fans - because these types are dying out. Instead are music fans whatever age, who want to know the how and what of music, not the who.

Something is happening here, and I hope you'll take the risk of trying honestly to help it happen - instead of watching it happen for commercial purposes. We need you now, the disc jockeys have failed; major magazines are deaf; we'll take your advice, and maybe try out this or that album. If you're wrong we'll curse you, of course, but are you afraid to take the risk?

Though your title has a lot of tradition and reputation behind it, nobody cares about hits anymore, paraded or not. People are digging music and poetry. And the girlie magazines with pin-ups-of-the-month are running articles on Dylan, Buckley, Donovan, Paul Simon, pro and con...and well written.

Crawdaddy is cool - but at Charlton you aren't limited to any bag of music, and that is why we have to buy your magazine.

Stephen Eng

Dear Editor:

I'm tired of this sort of talk, but for the benefit of Robert W. Sawyer here's my view of the Monkee scene:

If you are discussing the results of the association, it is irrelevant to discuss its origin. Then, decide which phase of the Monkees you are going to talk about: acting, music, personalities. I can only say a little about their music. Of the few songs of theirs I have heard, I think these are very good for what they are: "I'm A Believer," "Daydream Believer," "Valerie," "A Little Bit Me, A Little Bit You," "Words." The latter has superb imagery and "Valerie" has a fantastic classical guitar bit. In the category which contains these songs, the sort of music which doesn't have a great deal of substantial value for a more mature person, they all have more power and polish than the rest of the groups there, such as the Buckinghams.

Now I would like to say a few minutes worth to Connie Youker. Firstly, you will not find anything better than your standard if that is all you are

looking for. To make one's evaluation of a group so dependent on your comparisons of it to others is a bit of self-deception you will have to discard. Groups basically try to make music that is, if they are still thinking in terms of competition, better than the others as an individual statement, not just simply better. Secondly, I can't see how merely playing and the Beatles' albums in order will prove that they are the best. If you're trying to prove their superiority, what about paying the same respect to the groups they're supposedly better than? I do wonder how much else you've heard.

By the above requirement I cannot legally suggest "a group whose music is better," but I have found an album which is better than "Magical Mystery Tour": "Of Cabbages And Kings" by Chad Stuart and Jeremy Clyde. Actually, they are more non-albums considering the music alone. Comparable to the Beatles' package, the latter has miscellaneous songs on one side, "The Progress Suite" on the other. This work is divided into five movements, two vocals and three pop/luck sound scenes.

My reaction to it is in total contrast to that for the MMT LP. I can't describe either but I can tell you my subsequent thoughts. Listening to the Beatles' music, I do not understand most of the lyrics and am left very frustrated.

There are some lyrics from CS & JC which I also can't understand, but I don't mind.

It seems to me that their better songs especially are crystallizations of what cannot be put into words and music, but that the Beatles' songs tend to be words and music which attempt to create that which is not even there to be captured.

Rather, John Lennon brings you to the brink of the depths which his literary genius has created; Paul McCartney conveys the essence of a specific situation; George Harrison is Pisces to the core. Jeremy Clyde's songs imply an archetypal situation behind the ones he writes about, rather than build one within the situation itself, as McCartney tends to do. Thus, what meets the ear is less important for itself in his songs. Verse is supposed to be appreciated as a whole, beyond words, sounds, and images. If its origin is so close to this surface, its value lessens with insight. These facts about the music itself seem to support my ideas - the Beatles have to work it out as on a blank canvas, while Chad Stuart is the inspired type (which means the comparison between McCartney and Mozart is only superficial). The Beatles' music sounds like a beautiful pearl in an oyster, built around the natural irritant of their talent. Chad and Jeremy sound like they're more in control of what they do. Indeed, it seems that between motivation and composition, if one is controlled by conscious will,

the other must be inescapable inspiration.

I don't see any necessity or point to putting all the groups in a hierarchy from best to worst; we can all throw in our theories and who can tell the actual significance of numbers of people who agree with you? Connie, I don't know what your standards are for quality, but if it's anything broader than your own opinion, I'd like to remind you that popularity and all the mushy reviews that go with it takes a lot of people being aware of what's happening. There is some fragment of theory behind every word written about a record; everyone is a little influenced by everyone else in manner of speaking about it. The temperament of the music contributes something to my final opinion of it just as elements I can put my finger on do, and I know that people used to simply worded raves and put-downs are floored by music such as this which calls for a more dispassionate approach.

There are two things I'd like to say to people who've heard "Of Cabbages and Kings": first, the lyrics of "Busman's Holiday" are an excellent example of the way repetition constantly changes your impression of a phrase. Then, in "Can I See You," the repetition of the last line throws the whole song in a new light - to me it emphasizes the fact that though it all sounds very nice, the whole situation has been absolutely meaningless and hollow. Does it strike everybody in this way?

After all the analyses are done with, which you can take or leave, there's one fact left, which may or may not mean something: since I've had both LP's, I've been playing something from "Of Cabbages and Kings" nearly every day, while "Magical Mystery Tour" is more of an amusement. I can't remember ever doing this before, even though I've been onto the Beatles far longer - but then this is the most satisfying album I've ever got.

Jean  
Chicago, Ill.



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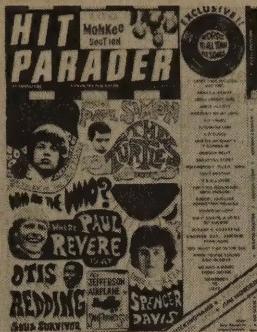
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JULY, 1967

Jeff Beck, Hollies, Temptations, Cream, Easy Beats, Monkees, Spoonful, Joe Tex, Love, Zappa

Stones "Buttons" songs  
"The Happening"  
"Groovin'"  
"Somebody To Love"  
"Friday On My Mind"  
"My Back Pages"



AUGUST, 1967

Jagger On "Buttons"  
Turtles, Who,  
Donovan, Monkees,  
Paul Simon, Paul Revere

"Six O'Clock"  
"Him Or Me"  
"Creeque Alley"  
"I Got Rhythm"  
"Mirage"  
"Ain't No Mountain"



SEPTEMBER, 1967

Bee Gees, The Doors  
Moby Grape, Who,  
Stax Story, Cream,  
Peter Tork, Yardbirds

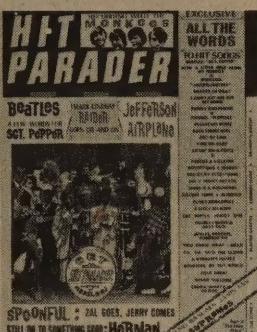
3 "Headquarters" songs  
5 "Moby Grape" songs  
"C'mon Marianne"  
"Tracks Of My Tears"  
"Light My Fire"  
"Windy"



OCTOBER, 1967

Monkees, 4 Seasons,  
Turtles, Kinks,  
Beatie Interview,  
Who, Scott McKenzie,  
Stax Story, Airplane

"Pleasant Valley Sunday"  
"All You Need Is Love"  
"Baby I Love You"  
"Fakin' It"  
"A Girl Like You"  
"White Rabbit"



NOVEMBER, 1967

Recording With Monkees,  
Spoonful, Herman,  
Rascals, Supremes,  
Janis Ian, Booker T.,  
Jefferson Airplane

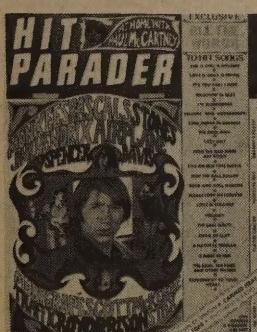
Beatles "Sgt. Pepper"  
Monkees "Headquarters"  
Stones "Flowers"  
"Reflections"  
"Heroes And Villains"  
"Apples, Peaches,  
Pumpkin Pie"



DECEMBER, 1967

Roy Orbison's Rock  
History, Neil Diamond,  
Cyrille, Mark Lindsay,  
Paul Butterfield, Stones,  
Airplane, Bee Gees,  
Bobbie Gentry

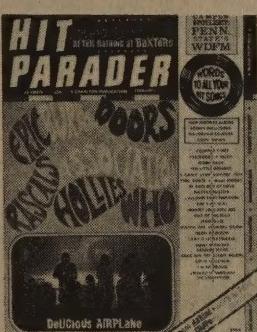
"Never My Love"  
"To Sir With Love"  
"How Can I Be Sure"  
"Soul Man"  
"Dandelion"  
"The Letter"



JANUARY, 1968

Paul McCartney  
Rolling Stones  
Jimi Hendrix  
Spencer Davis  
Traffic • Airplane  
Moby Grape  
Roy Orbison

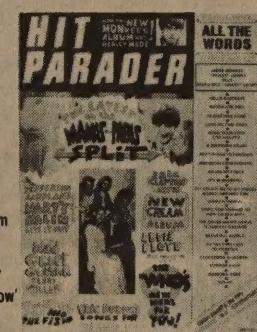
"She Is Still A Mystery"  
"Love Is Only Sleeping"  
"Incense & Peppermints"  
"A Natural Woman"  
"The Rain, The Park"  
"Keep The Ball Rollin'"  
"King Midas In Reverse"



FEBRUARY, 1968

Airplane At Baxter's  
Eric Burdon  
The Doors • The Who  
The Association  
Procol Harum  
Rascals • Moby Grape  
Herb Alpert

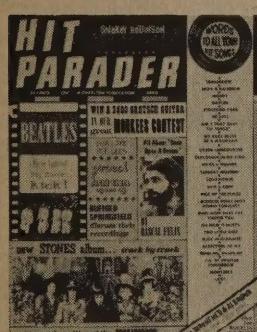
Monkees "Pisces" Album  
"I Heard It Through The  
Grapevine"  
"I Second That Emotion"  
"Watch The Flowers Grow"  
"Skinny Legs & All"  
"In And Out Of Love"



MARCH, 1968

Mama's & Papa's  
Eric Clapton  
Gladys Knight & Pips  
Young Rascals  
Country Joe & Fish  
Who • Airplane  
Monkee Album

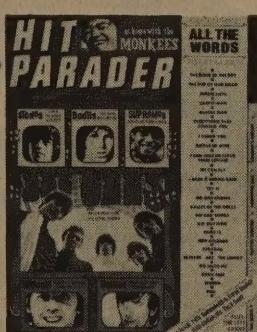
Beach Boys "Smiley" Songs  
"Hello Goodbye"  
"Watch Her Ride"  
"Love Me Two Times"  
"Wear Your Love Like  
Heaven"  
"Chain Of Fools"



APRIL, 1968

Smokey Robinson Interview  
Beatles' Movie  
Buffalo Springfield  
Bee Gees  
Stones' Album  
Rascals' Album  
Tim Buckley

"She's A Rainbow"  
"Money" • "Tomorrow"  
"Green Tambourine"  
"We're A Winner"  
"Judy In Disguise"  
"Bend Me, Shape Me"  
"Sunday Morning"



MAY, 1968

The Supremes  
Bee Gees  
Lonnie Mack  
Pete Townshend  
The Doors  
Satanic Stones  
Monkees At Home

"Dock Of The Bay"  
"End Of Our Road"  
"I Thank You"  
"Valley Of The Dolls"  
"I Wish It Would Rain"  
"We Can Fly"  
"Carpet Man"



JUNE, 1968

Bob Dylan  
Otis Redding  
Young Rascals  
Martha & The Vandellas  
The Mothers  
Rufus Thomas  
Rolling Stones

"Valerie" • "Tapioca Tundra"  
"Jennifer Juniper"  
"Walk Away Renee"  
"Unknown Soldier"  
"Scarborough Fair"  
"If You Can Want"  
"Since You've Been Gone"

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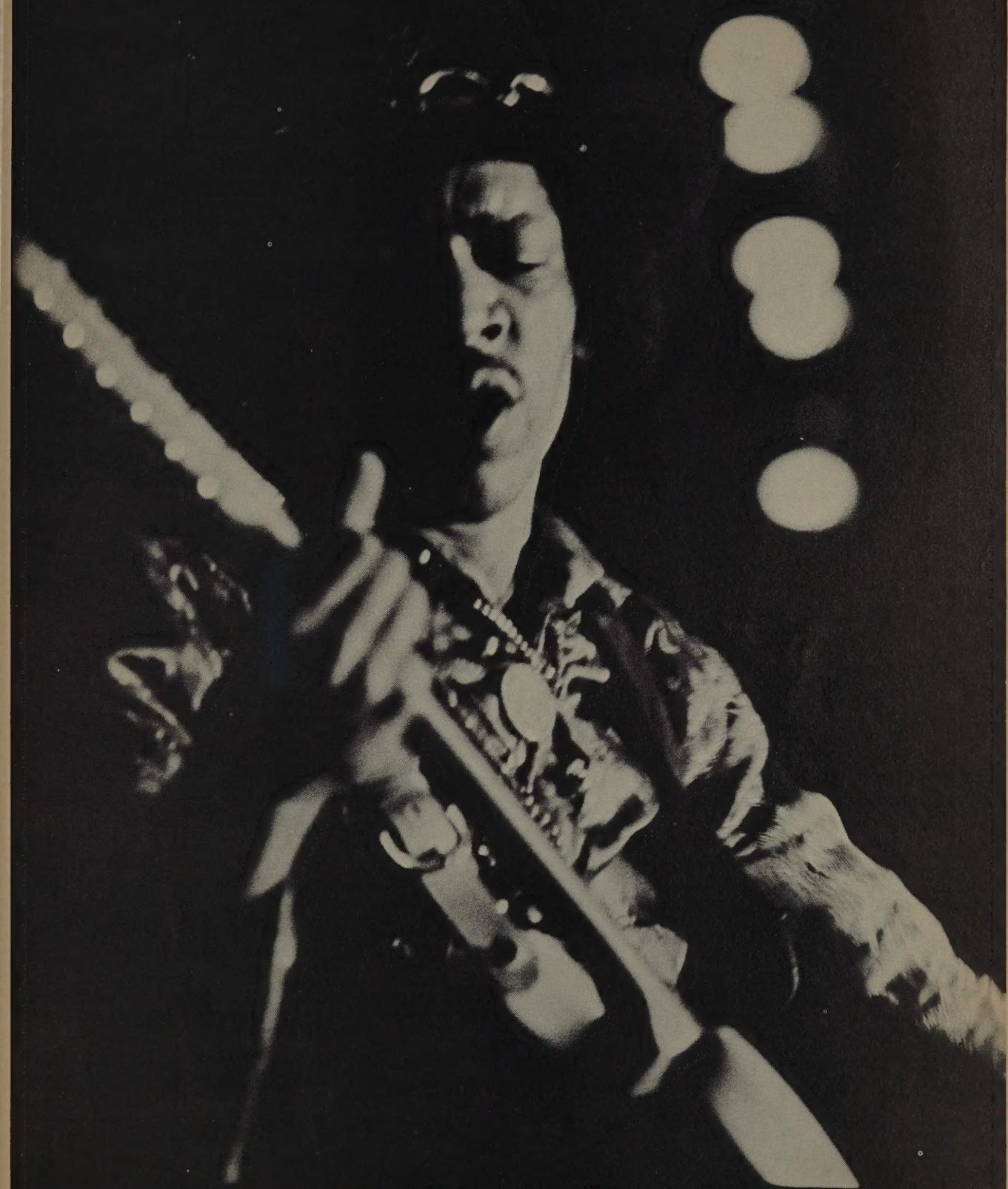
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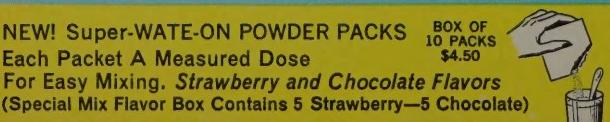
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